

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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No. 2.

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OUR REPORTER'S GATHERINGS IN ARLINGTON.

The Rev. E. L. Houghton, of Medford, will supply at the Universalist Church, next Sunday.

The Pleasant Street Market has all the seasonable goods, in variety. Few small towns can boast of so good a provision store.

The reading room in the Public Library is open every afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, and in the evening from 7 to 9 o'clock.

The young folks had fine sport on Spy Pond, last Friday and Saturday, the ice being in prime condition. Our cold snaps are of short duration.

We shall be in our office on Saturday evening, Jan. 10, and shall be glad to receive many calls from those desiring to renew subscriptions for the *Advocate*.

The public schools resumed their sessions on Monday. Rarely has a more enjoyable holiday season been granted, so far as weather was concerned.

The officers of Arlington Lodge K. of H. will be installed next Monday evening. Every member ought to take the trouble necessary to make this meeting a grand success.

Our ever busy and enterprising friend Mr. Charles Hutchins has issued a neat directory of Arlington Heights. It is a convenient little pamphlet, for which we thank him heartily.

The Musical Society held its regular rehearsal, last Tuesday evening. It was well attended and thoroughly enjoyable. At intermission Miss Werth gave a contralto solo, and Miss Proctor and Mrs. Ware a piano duett.

Special services have been held at Pleasant street Congregational church this week Monday and Wednesday evenings, when the topics announced for the "Week of Prayer" were presented by the pastor. The attendance was quite good.

Rev. Chas. H. Watson, pastor of the Baptist church, was the recipient of a handsome New Year gift from the people of his charge, and the occasion was made still more pleasant by a call at the parsonage of those participating in the gift. Mr. Watson's faithfulness as a pastor has borne good fruits in any department of the church work.

A pleasant Sunday school concert exercise has been arranged by Superintendent Mills, at Pleasant street Congregational church, and it will be given next Sunday evening. Services begin at 6.30 o'clock, to which all are welcome.

Mr. Arthur Allen's illness was not blood poisoning, resulting from the care of his grand-father, Mr. Ramsdell, though the labors in his behalf doubtless had something to do with the serious sickness through which he has passed the past week.

The annual meeting of the Adelphi Club, whose rooms are located over Mr. R. W. Shattuck's store, was held last Monday evening. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: President, A. Needham; Secretary, G. P. Peirce; Treasurer, Warren A. Peirce; Finance Com., A. D. Hill, W. A. Clark. The annual supper was served at the close of the meeting and proved highly enjoyable.

Illness prevented our attending a musical entertainment at the Schwamb homestead, given by Miss Eliza Schwamb, one of Arlington's talented music teachers. It was full of enjoyment, so a friend who acted for us testifies, and the playing of her pupils reflected much credit upon Miss Schwamb. Miss Schwamb gave some numbers, showing herself to be a brilliant musician.

Next Thursday evening a course of lectures will be commenced in the First Parish church, Rev. James Kay Applebee being the lecturer. These lectures have been highly popular in other places and are worthy a most generous support from the general public. Tickets for the course, 75 cents; single tickets 25 cents.

The tables in the reading room of the Public Library are well supplied with entertaining and instructive literature, and a wealth of enjoyment is close at hand upon the library shelves. The conveniences and advantages of this new room ought to be appreciated by our young men, and used as largely as possible.

The Martin-Lawry combination that gave an exhibition in the Utopia Club room Wednesday evening, was worthy a second visit, not more than the usual sum of ordinary evenings be-

ing paid.

have made so considerable progress the past few weeks will copy some of the steps shown on this occasion.

The installation of the officers of Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., took place Wednesday evening, in the presence of a full attendance of members, adding interest to the occasion, and the evening's pleasures closed with a supper, served in the usual pleasant manner.

The following is the full roster for the ensuing term: N. G., George H. Rugg (supporters, James A. Marden, G. P. Pearce); V. G., Archibald Scale (supporters, Frank P. Winn, Charles Gott); R. S., Charles S. Richardson; P. S., George A. Sawyer; T. G., George Hill, Jr.; W. Daniel Higgins, C. John McMillan; S. S., Malcolm Campbell, Thomas Higgins; O. G., Ammi Hall; I. G., Charles Leonard. The trustees are Duncan Macfarlane, S. E. Winnek, Wm. H. Soles, who have served the lodge in this capacity for so many years. The lodge is in a most flourishing condition in every respect, and that a term of increased prosperity may be now opening before it is our sincere hope.

Last week we mentioned the fact that Mr. Thomas Ramsdell had been injured by a fall on the stone steps at Masonic Building, and that the injury had proved a serious one because of blood poisoning in consequence. His sickness had a fatal termination on Saturday, and the funeral was on Monday, Rev. J. P. Forbes officiating. Mr. Ramsdell was born in Lynnfield, Mass., Jan. 3, 1814, and was consequently seventy-one years old the day of his death. He came to Arlington in 1829, to learn the trade of shoemaking of Mr. Jesse Bucknam, and worked in a shop on the Teel estate, nearly opposite his homestead. After serving his time he commenced for himself in a little shop now the L part of the building on the corner of Arlington Avenue and Grove street. After his marriage with Miss Peirce, youngest sister of Mr. Thomas P. Peirce, he removed his business to the present site Ramsdell's building (this shop was afterwards removed to rear of Universalist church, enlarged and fitted for a dwelling); then to the corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant street, which building is now used as a grocery and stands next to the Arlington House. As a businessman Mr. Ramsdell was uniformly successful, and he accumulated a considerable property. He retired from business some years ago, disposing of the same to Mr. L. C. Tyler, but continued to work at his trade at the same place until the wound on his arm, at first supposed to be the slightest of slight injuries, developed into a serious matter. Mr. Ramsdell was a man of sterling honesty and unswerving integrity and as such won the respect of all who knew him. His family consists of his widow, who has been in feeble health for a long time in consequence of a serious fall last winter, Mrs. Wm. H. Allen, and Mr. Thomas H. Ramsdell, of Bedford.

Mr. Fowle has built up a very large trade for his Wheat Meal in Maine.

Mr. John H. Hartwell and daughter were guests at the Police ball at Cambridge, Wednesday evening.

A new upright piano has been placed in Bethel Lodge room by Post 36 and the Relief Corps.

The entertainment at Utopia Club Rink, next Wednesday evening, will be so entirely novel that a crowd of spectators may be expected. The particulars will be found in our advertising columns.

A charming entertainment will be given in the Unitarian church vestry, next Wednesday evening, under direction of Mr. S. P. Prentiss, introducing a considerable number of the children. Admission is only twenty cents.

Jesse Hutchinson was thrown out of his father's wagon, turning into Central street, Wednesday evening, and quite severely hurt, though no bones were broken. When picked up he was insensible and did not recover consciousness for some time.

Arrangements for the second concert of the Musical Society are nearly completed and holders of associate tickets are requested to call on the committee at Swan's Block (ADVOCATE office) where Mr. Hilliard of the committee has desk room, and secure the numbers for their reserved seats. The tickets given out on this occasion will be good for the balance of the course. The concert will be given the last of this month.

Miss Kate Field gave her lecture on Mormonism in Town Hall, Thursday evening, before an audience that filled most of the seats. On the platform with her were J. T. Trowbridge, Esq., Judge Parker, Rev. Dr. Mason, Rev. J. A. Forbes, Dr. Hodges, Jacob F. Hobbs and B. Delmont Locke. Miss Field was pleasantly introduced by Mr. Trowbridge.

The Lexington Debating Club met at their room in Town Hall building, Tuesday evening, Mr. E. S. Emery presiding. Mr. G. H. Brown, in absence of Mr. Goodwin, acted as secretary. A committee was chosen to make arrangements for a public debate, the committee to report in one month. After the transaction of usual business, the club proceeded to the debate of the evening.

Subject: "Resolved, That the method of choosing presidential elector should be changed." The debators were, in the affirmative, A. F. Flanders, E. M. Mulliken; negative, C. A. Fowle, Jr., G. W.

Sampson. The debate proved to be one of the most interesting the Club has ever had. At the next meeting the question will be "Resolved, That the jury system should be abolished." Messrs. W. W. Reed and A. S. Mitchell will discuss the affirmative; A. F. Flanders and E. M. Mulliken the negative. Mr. J. F. Hutchinson will preside at that meeting.

While some children were sliding on the ice on the Viles estate, last Monday, one of the little girls, a daughter of Mr. Prescott, broke through and would have been drowned, had it not been for the presence of mind of little Albert Griffiths, who was one of the party. The other little ones all ran away, but this plucky little fellow caught hold of her hands and, after some tugging, succeeded in getting her out. Being only seven years old, we thought it pretty cool. It certainly was for the little girl.

The first lecture in the second series of the Unity Club course, was given in the First Parish church, Monday evening, by A. E. Scott, Esq. He took his hearers with him as he reviewed his recent tour through the State of North Carolina, and made it extremely interesting as well as highly instructive. Mr. Scott is an easy speaker and has a clear way of drawing word pictures. The attendance was small, for some unaccountable reason.

Examinations of schools of Lexington, will take place on the following dates:

Warren, Jan. 14th, afternoon.
Franklin, Jan. 16, forenoon.
Bowditch, Jan. 18, afternoon.
Hancock Primary and Intermediate, Jan. 19, forenoon.

Hancock Sub-Grammar, Jan. 19, afternoon.

Howard, Jan. 20, forenoon.

Adams Primary, Jan. 20, afternoon.

Adams Grammar, Jan. 21, forenoon.

Hancock Grammar, Jan. 21, afternoon.

High School, Jan. 22.

This is the official programme announced by the committee.

The second in the course of Sunday evening sermons will be delivered next Sunday evening, at 7.30 o'clock, by Rev. J. B. Gilman, of Belmont. Subject: "The Authority of Jesus." All are cordially invited.

The first of seven entertainments to be given by Unity Club will be given Tuesday evening, Jan. 16th, in the church. Mrs. Holt has charge of the programme for the evening, which will consist of instrumental and vocal music. Membership fee to the club is fifty cents, which entitles one to all of these entertainments. Single tickets 25 cents.

It has been stated that the principal exercise of the Lexington Athletic Club was "boxing," but another prominent feature is Indian club swinging and horizontal bar exercise. The double club swinging by the instructor, H. W. Snow, and F. G. Babcock, is noticeable as a novelty on account of the perfect union of motion kept by them throughout the exercise.

The bust of Hon. Samuel E. Sewell, recently placed in Cary Library by Mrs. Ellen A. Stone, of East Lexington, is a valuable addition. The library is something Lexington has every reason to be proud of, and it is peculiarly gratifying to know that many are interested in adding to its attractions. Want of space prevents an extended notice of the gift which will appear next week.

Lexington Baptist church held its annual meeting on Monday evening, and chose the following officers for the year ensuing:—church clerk, Miss Ella F. Whittier; treasurer, Deacon Whittier; executive committee, S. W. Hendley, B. T. Batcheller, I. F. Whittier; prudential committee, Abbott Fessenden, J. F. Whittier, Wm. Tucker, Mrs. Wm. Tucker and Mrs. Elizabeth Wetherbee. By vote the balance in church treasury was turned over to the use of the society, and a committee was appointed to attend to the matter of paying the insurance on the church edifice.

A gentleman recently remarked that he had not attended or even believed in the influence of churches in a community. For many years, until within a short time, he had been engaged in the real estate brokerage business, and he had been surprised that only a very few who desired to hire or purchase property in any of the suburban towns would do so without making inquiry as to the religious and educational privileges,—showing that even from a pecuniary point of view, it is wise for all our little villages to maintain a living church.

We echo the sentiment of many of our people, when we say that a society will grow faster and the people manifest more interest when there is a pastor who lives in their midst. The series of Sunday evening circuit meetings which have been inaugurated by the South Middlesex Conference of Unitarians leaves our little church out in the cold because we have no minister.

As wars the tree within the blast,
Yet falleth not but grader grows,
Grasping the firm rock giantly,
And fending, hero-like, all blows;
So toils the iron will of man
Before stern fate's tempestous stroke;
He conquers e'er if true at heart,
And, lo!—a mighty human oak!

—C. G. Blanden.

HIS GREAT FIND.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

As a scientist, Professor MacDougal stood high. He left Yale at twenty-one, went through Giessen afterward, and concluded by a course of study in the School of Mines in Paris. He was recognized abroad and at home as a man of profound learning, and at the early age of thirty was made professor of natural science at Barnevile College. He came of a race of scientific notables. His grandfather, a Scotman, had been professor at Glasgow. His father, who came to this country and married, and settled down here, though he never taught, was more distinguished, and Professor Roderick bade fair to surpass his predecessors in scientific renown.

But the close pursuit of knowledge has its penalty. The first commencement day found the professor quite broken up. Nearly six feet high, and with muscles fit to him, he had been the crack oarsman at Yale, and at the head of the first class of the Turn Verein at Giessen. Now he had grown lean, weak and listless. His colleagues viewed his state with alarm. One of them, also a skillful physician, gave him a prescription. "Mac," he said, "you have worked wonders for us during the course, but at your own expense. Go to the country. Get away from books entirely. You have three months of vacation. Use it up by absence from ink of all kinds, or you will be used up."

The professor thought on it. "I ought to devote the vacation to my treatise on the Gryllidae," he said. "But perhaps you are right. Up in Mountain county there is a granite formation, permeated by veins of coarse granite that must be rich in minerals. It has been little explored, and I may make a great find there, and get a specimen or so that I shall be proud to show to my friends."

So the professor bought a coarse gray suit, packed his valise, added a leather satchel and belt, with hammer, chisel, and blow-pipe, and started for Mountain county. On the cars he fell in with an old friend, who happened to know all about his place of destination. He was told to get off at Firwood station, where he would find a stage-coach to take him to Rockborough, the county town. The inns there were execrable, and he was advised to seek boarding in a farm-house.

"Can you recommend one?" asked the professor.

"They are about the same kind," was the reply, "clean, coarse, and with no chamber window that will let down from the top. The natives have a horror of letting foul air out or fresh air in. There is one exception: old Squire Martyns has a nice house, and lives well. His maiden sister is his housekeeper. He has a very pretty daughter; but she is off at boarding-school. The squire takes boarders only now and then—he is rich—and only for company. If he likes you, and his sister should like you, he'll let you stay. He lives three miles east of Rockborough, and any one can pilot you."

"Thank you. I'll try him."

"I must tell you, however," resumed his informant, "that the squire is a character. He is a fairly educated man, and as you say you are a mineral-hunter, he can help you, for he has a collection, and knows the localities. But he'll accost you in the vernacular of the region, and keep it up until he gets to know you."

Thus it was that one afternoon early in July, Professor Roderick MacDougal was carried in a hired wagon from Rockborough to Martyns' Nest, as the farm was called. The farmhouse, standing upon rising ground a short distance from the high-road, was half hidden by wisterias and creepers that draped the wide veranda and clung the brick walls to the eaves of the gambrel roof. There was an attempt at a lawn, with beds of gay-colored flowers. The place looked comfortable and home-like. The man who sat on the veranda with his chair tilted back, his shirt collar unbuttoned, and a cob pipe in his mouth, looked at home too. Why not? He was the owner. He brought his chair forward and arose as the professor came up the steps.

"Squire Martyns, I presume," said the professor, blandly.

"That's what they call me. Is it book or lightning-rod?"

"Neither," replied the professor, smiling. "My name is MacDougal, and I have been advised to try the hill air for a time. I called to request you to accommodate me with board for a few weeks."

"May I ask what you do for a living?"

"I am a professor in Barnevile college."

"You ain't one of them snake-catchers an' bug-hunters?"

"I know something about reptiles and insects, but I expect to amuse myself by collecting the minerals and plants of the region."

"Stuns, eh! There ain't been a stunner in these parts not sense the time of the Jollylogical Survey, an' there's right smart of queer stuns here yet. Plants, eh! That would suit my Hetty, if she was to home, for she's got lots of 'em upstairs in books—Lucy Ann!"

A tall, neatly dressed old lady came to the door, and said, "Well?"

"Can we make room for a stunner?"

Lucy Ann surveyed the professor, who smiled at the scrutiny, and then said, "There's plenty of room; but if this gentleman's hunting minerals, there'll be a nice pair to clutter up us."

And with a laugh she retreated.

"Approved by the higher powers," said the Squire, laughing. "Who brought you over? I see now: John Adkins. John, bring in the professor's things. Sit down and rest yourself. There will be no difficulty about terms, I think."

The professor soon found that his informant had been right. He had come to the best place. He was assigned a neat and pleasant chamber opening upon

a flower garden, at one end of which were several hives of bees, which made a pleasant humming, while the odors from beds of fragrant herbs smote pleasantly on the nostrils. From the windows he had fine view of mist-covered ridges in the distance, over a long stretch of undulating valley, dotted with fields of grain, patches of woodland, farm-houses, and out-buildings, and herds of kine grazing in their pastures. When supper-time came he found the comforts of the inner man would be well cared for. Whether Miss Lucy Ann Martyns or the plump hired girl who brought in the dishes and waited on the table were the cook, it was evident there was somebody about who could cook. Scientist as he was, the professor liked to eat. But is not good cookery the sum of science?

The next morning early the professor arose, and brought down his belt and satchel, prepared for an exploring expedition. To his delight he found his host overhauling a similar equipment.

"You shan't have the best things without sharing," said the squire. "I shall give you my time for to-day, and after that you can paddle your own canoe. You won't find any corundum, which used to be abundant. I bagged all that long ago, and made a pretty penny out of it. But you'll not lack specimens. I saved a lot of duplicate crystals, and you can pick and choose from them at your leisure."

They made a day of it, and the professor came home at night with his sack full and his pockets crammed. After that he went alone, and explored the neighborhood thoroughly.

A week passed on, and the professor heard of a quarry fifteen miles off, which abounded in kyanite and black tourmaline. So he walked there to be absent for two days.

It did not turn out as well as he expected, and he started to walk back next day. About noon he was within a mile of Martyns' Nest, and crossed a field to cut short a turn in the road, when he heard a female voice crying for help. He looked up and saw a young and pretty girl mounted on the top of a hay-stack, and making frantic signals for assistance. He got over the fence to see the cause of these extraordinary motions, when a vicious looking bull pranced around from the other side of the stack. The professor got back again. He comprehended the situation.

"Keep where you are," he cried, "until I drive the bull off."

It was superfluous advice, and his purpose not easily carried out. He threw stones at the bull; but he was not to be diverted from his object. The animal would prance forward, bellow and then resume guard over the stack.

Then a bright idea struck the professor. Linen handkerchiefs are inconvenient for travelers, and for mineralogists in particular, for they are bad for use as sacks when satchel and pockets are full. He had provided himself with stout silk bandanas, and had one in his pocket. As Alexander Dumas would describe the affair:

It was of a bright red. He drew it from his pocket. He waved it frantically. The bull saw it, and made a dash for the offensive thing.

"Run, young lady!" cried the professor from the safe side of his fence.

The girl ran, and got safely over the fence on the other side.

As in duty bound, the professor went around, leaving the bull to his chagrin, and joining the girl, inquired if she were hurt.

"Not at all, sir," she answered, "but very much obliged to you for your assistance."

She seemed to be going the same way with himself, so the professor, who, though not a marrying man, as the saying goes, was gallant, entered into conversation with her. They drifted from the weather and the scenery into books and current events, and he was astonished to find how much the bright little lady knew. Who could she be? Some visitor, doubtless. Though plainly dressed, she had the air and manner that showed her not of the type of the neighborhood. He began to skirmish to find out, when she broke into a light rippling laugh.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but I think I know you. You are Professor MacDougal, are you not?"

He nodded assent, still more mystified.

"We used your work on botany as a text book at St. Sebastian's; but you'll excuse me for saying that I always thought you to be an old gentleman. I only got home from the school last evening, and I was returning from a visit to a neighbor when that cross bull made me climb the haystack. I am Hester Martyns."

The acquaintance thus made, the two grew quite familiar by the time they reached the Nest, where Hetty told of the adventure, and the professor declared that he would put the bandana in lavender as a souvenir of the method he professed came up the steps.

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associates as a "stone-cracker" and a "crank"—the last word being always applied by fools to any one they think to possess brains. The lover did not let his hate for the stranger interfere with his siege of the maiden. At all the picnics and rural festivities he followed Hetty like her shadow. She gave no tokens of dislike at this, and every one, even the professor, thought it would eventually be a match. Why not? Jotham was even richer than the squire. There was nothing between the farms but a narrow patch of land, which was in the market. That bought by either, and the combined Jones and Martyns places would cover nearly two thousand acres of the best land in the county. The very proximity suggested a matrimonial alliance.

The time of vacation had nearly slipped away, when there was a merrymaking on the farm. The Martyns had always given an old-fashioned harvest-home to their neighbors after the main crops were gathered in, and Henry Martyns was not a man to slight the custom of his forefathers. Aunt Lucy Ann's resources of larder and kitchen were taxed to their utmost. The neighbors, young and old, were all there. The feast was held in the great barn, and after it was all over the threshing-floor was cleared, a fiddler installed in state upon a stool, and dancing began, while at a little distance off, on a patch of greenwoods, a party of young men jumped, ran, and practiced all kinds of muscular fun. The professor had been a great dancer in his student days, and though he had not stooped to anything so light while holding a chair at college, felt it his duty to ask the daughter of his host to open the hop with him. Just as she had consented, Jotham came up with a similar request.

"I detect Jotham Jones!" exclaimed Hetty, withdrawing her hand.

A light seemed to come to the professor.

"Hetty, darling," he said, taking her hand again, "do you detect me?"

The professor came home jubilant. Every one noticed how well he looked. He displayed the contents of his boxes to his colleagues.

"Very good specimens indeed," said Dr. Brainard, "but not such a great find."

"There is something finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain county. I'll have it here at the beginning of the new year."

The professor went off during the holidays. He telegraphed back the hour of his return, and on his arrival his colleagues, with their wives, went there to meet him. He had a lady on his arm. They gathered around to welcome him with a similar request.

"I have promised the first set to Professor McDougal," said Hetty, "but the next is at your service, Mr. Jones; and he had to be content with that. He saw the professor dance in earnest, not walking through, but falling into the spirit of the occasion, pirouetting, pigeon-winging, and heel-toeing in the rustic style, to the admiration of Jotham, whom it was gall and wormwood.

When Jotham's turn came, the professor watched in turn, and when it was over, and Hetty seated, and Jotham bent over her and talking earnestly, the professor felt an uncomfortable sensation for which he could not account, and went and joined the young men on the green. There he found the old squire looking on.

"Everdo anything of this kind?" asked Mr. Martyns.

"Sometimes in my under-graduate days," said the professor.

But he took no interest in their sport, and soon went back to the barn. Hetty was not on the floor. She was still seated, with Jotham at her side. He was talking eagerly, and she was blushing while her fingers picked nervously at her dress.

"I would like to take that fellow down a peg," said the professor, viciously, and then walked back and rejoined the squire. He stood irresolutely, and made vague and inapt replies to his companion's remarks. Suddenly the cry arose:

"Here comes Jones! Now you'll see jumping!"

Jotham dashed in among them excitedly, looked at the heel marks of the others, and took off his coat. He was not very much agitated. But seeing the professor, he gave him a savage look, and going to the starting-point, made a great leap, and landed a foot farther than any of the rest.

"There!" he said; "I'd like to see any dude stone-cracker beat that."

This drew all eyes on the professor, who walked forward, looked at the distance, and calmly handed his coat to the squire. Then he jumped fully eighteen inches farther than Jotham. The latter did not like the storm of applause which greeted the feat. He determined to show his supremacy in another way. So he said, in an offensive tone:

"You're good at the jump, Stone-cracker. How are you at the rassle?"

Squire Martyns frowned, but before he could utter a rebuke, the professor replied, quietly:

"I did not come into the mountains to show myself off, Mr. Jones; but as this is a gathering of neighbors, I have no objection to trying a friendly fall with you. Only, as I am out of practice, you must be light on me."

Thus saying, the Professor divested himself of waistcoat and cravat. The crowd eagerly formed a ring, and the two antagonists stood facing each other, Jotham lowering and malicious, the other calm and indifferent. A few feints and they locked. Jotham was thickset and sturdy; the other supple as an eel. A struggle, and then—so quickly that no one could see how it was done—the two went down together. Jotham on the broad of his back, and the professor up-against. The latter sprang to his feet, but Jotham lay there for a minute incapable of motion. When he arose he was in no condition to renew the contest.

"Professor," said the squire, as they walked toward the barn, "would you like to be a member of Congress?"

"I think not," said the professor. "I have no taste for politics. Why?"

"Because if you'll settle down here, and fall half a dozen a day, as you have at Jotham Jones, you'll go in by a large majority."

It was evident that MacDougal's strength was restored, and his appearance showed him to be in good health; but his spirits were depressed. During the few more days he remained he made no more mineralogical or botanical excursions, and so discreetly left the room and went to his chamber, where he labelled and packed his specimens. The squire, however, remained, which was a sure sign that he did not regard the sutor with special favor.

From that time forth Jotham came quite often. The professor, who saw a deal of Hetty, and who, having turned his attention to plants, got from her the location of scarce varieties, took a special interest in the result of this siege. "I have a pity for Hetty," he said to himself. "She is really a charming girl, and fit for any position in life; but it will end by her marrying this coarse fellow."

"She resents the humiliation of her lover," he thought. "And there is nothing in common between them. She is beauty, grace, animation, and intelligence; and he—Well, it can not be helped."

The day of parting came. The professor bade good-bye to the squire and his sister, and was invited to pay them another visit. "I have charged a price this time. It is my way to afford an influx of strangers. But when you come, you come as my welcome guest. We all like you."

"Thank you. The liking is mutual."

"She went over to Joyce's."

"Bid her good-bye for me. My valise has gone on to Rockborough, and I shall

walk over." And with a renewed hand shaking the professor left.

He soon came to the fence where he coaled the bull with the handkerchief trick. "There is the hay-stack," he said. "How pretty he looked!" And he crossed the fence and walked toward the stack. A girl sat, with her face bowed in her hands, on some loose hay by the stack.

"Why, Miss Hetty!" said the professor.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Points on Poultry Keeping.

Fowls are never properly fed unless they are fed regularly. They look forward to meal time, as any one may see who notes their actions, and are restless and discontented if they do not receive their expected rations, just as their attendant would be if similarly treated. The laying of soft-shelled eggs sometimes result from over-feeding and sometimes from a deficiency of shell-forming material. The necessary lime may be supplied in several ways. Bone meal or ground oyster shells can generally be had, and in their absence keep a supply of old mortar where the hens may help themselves. The *Tribune and Farmer* says that over-feeding will be as ineffectual as not giving enough, for a hen that is fat will seldom lay well. Mashed potatoes mixed with scalded corn meal, or buckwheat flour fed hot, is excellent. They should have fresh meat if possible twice a day in some form; either lard scraps, offal from the butchers, or wild game, such as rabbits, squirrels, etc. The more of this kind of food given, the greater number of eggs will be secured, beside hens will never eat their eggs when furnished with all the fresh meat they want. Meats that have been cooked and highly seasoned should not be given.

Pure water furnished daily is also very important, for they will not do well without it. A lump of lime dropped into the water is highly recommended by some.

The hen house will require a supply of boxes nailed around the side walls containing straw and nests, and in each an artificial egg to prevent loss by freezing. Many think that when hens are confined in a room a nest egg is not required, but any person seeing the discontent of a fowl when ready to make her deposit, wandering from place to place in search of an egg to sit upon, will be convinced of the importance of supplying it.

The Farmers' Review expresses the opinion that the most profitable egg producers are early hatched spring chickens, which begin to lay in the fall, and if furnished with warm quarters and proper food, will produce eggs quite freely through the entire winter. But it is not wise to reduce the flock in the fall wholly to spring pullets, since hens a year or two old make more reliable setters and mothers, and a sufficient number should be kept for this purpose.

Green food is fully as essential for poultry in winter as in summer, says the *American Agriculturist*. Their confinement to dry food during the continuance of cold weather goes far to account for the scarcity of eggs at that season of the year. Fresh winter eggs are always in demand and bring a good price in every market. Hens, like cows, should be producers as well as consumers during the cold months of winter. Farmers, as well as fanciers, should have a supply of green food safely stored away for the winter use of the poultry. Fowls are not very particular as to the kind, they readily eat celery, tops of onions, turnips, etc.; lettuce, cabbage, and apples also are relished. If such supplies have to be purchased, it is cheaper to buy one or two hundred heads of cabbages of second quality, which can be had at a low figure in autumn or early in the season. These should be delivered with their roots, and buried up to the head in sand in the cellar. Hang a head in some convenient place in the house where the fowls can pick at it.

Farm and Garden Notes.

A fair ration of turnips for a full-grown cow or for ten sheep is a peck per day.

For sheep it seldom pays to grind corn. For young stock grain may often be profitably cooked. Potatoes may often be cooked and fed to young stock to advantage.

The man who led the first emigrants across the plains to California, in 1849, died recently at the age of eighty. He was worth \$3,000,000, made by raising cattle in that State.

Milk, either fresh or sour, buttermilk, skimmed milk, mixed with meal, or in any other form, is just the thing for fowls. It will pay better to give waste milk to fowls than to pigs.

Oat-meal and wheat-bran is one of the best of rations for milch cows; but the *Rural New Yorker* thinks that a still better ration is made of new process oil-meal, bran, corn-meal, and a liberal supply of yellow globe mangel.

Professor William Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural college, has repeatedly declared that peas form a cheaper and better food than does corn for stock. Others who have experience assert the same, yet very few peas have ever been fed in the United States.

The American Dairymen say there is one point that should be deeply impressed upon the dairyman's mind, and that is, if he wants to make first-class article of butter he must churn often. Never let the cream get over three days old, no matter how cold it may be kept. If cold, it will get old, flat and frinky. If sour, the whey will eat up the best butter globules. Churn as often as you can.

One of the special recommendations of raspberries and blackberries is that they are so easily propagated, and will take care of themselves and multiply to any extent desired. One hour's work in taking up a few patches of the shoots—and clearing of the canes—a foot square and placing them at some fertile fence corners, will presently supply all the berries that you will care to pick for the family. Try it.

As a rule farmers should save what pumpkin seed they need, and from the largest and heaviest specimens. There is a great deal of difference in the quality of pumpkins. Seeds from the stores is very often from inferior specimens. Some farmers have been stuck this year with pumpkin seed that only produces specimens about as large as a two-quart pail, while better seed on the same land quadruples the size and value.

Root crops, which often demand the use of the hoe, cause the lead to be kept very clean, thus destroying weeds. It is hard to put down such crops occasionally for that purpose, as they are important in a proper system of rotation, and also have remunerative crops as compared with other kinds. A crop that assists in destroying weeds never labor the follow-

PACIFIC COAST PEARLS.

FISHING FOR THEM IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

A Source of Great Wealth—A Company and Its Profits—How the Pearls are Found.

The San Francisco Chronicle says that about one hundred years ago, Juan Ocio first called attention to the vast source of wealth concealed in the mud which lay at the bottom of the waves of the Gulf of California adjacent to the eastern coast of Lower California. He discovered there immense beds of the pearl oyster and realized great wealth. He fished principally for the black shell (*Conchonita*), which is found in great quantities from San Sebastian Bay to the mouth of the Rio Colorado. After his death the industry was followed in a desultory fashion until about 1859. From that time until 1872 it was pursued in a more systematic manner, the trade, however, being practically monopolized by the agents of wealthy European houses, who established themselves on the lower peninsula, and purchased the pearls and shell on the ground as soon as removed from the water. About that time some of the merchants of La Paz discovered that they could deal directly with Paris, London and Hamburg, and save the profits of middlemen, and the agents were, so to speak, starved out. Still the fishing was conducted on the old and time-honored system of using divers trained by long experience to remain perhaps two, or at most three minutes under water.

When once a waterproof is put on to defend the body from wet, it should on no account be taken off until the wearer has not only taken shelter, but is in a position to change his clothes. What a covering of oiled silk does for a wet rag in surgery—namely, convert it into a poultice—the waterproof does for the clothes of its wearer. The insensible perspiration which finds a way of escape through ordinary clothing is kept in by the waterproof, and the clothes are saturated with moisture. A very few minutes will suffice to render the underclothing "damp" under a waterproof, particularly if either the wearer perspires freely or the weather be what is called "muggy" as well as wet. When, therefore, the wearer of a waterproof takes off that article of clothing because it has ceased to rain, he is in the position of a person who has damp clothes on, and, if he sits in the saddle, or walks home, or rides in an open trap, he is more likely to take cold than if he had not used the waterproof at all. If, therefore, a waterproof is once put on, it should on no account be removed until the clothes can be changed or dried by a fire without reduction of bodily temperature.—*Health and Home*.

Eating in a French Canadian Town.

It is characteristic of St. Francois and the early hours of the place that the housewife who does not arrive at the village market by 6 or 6:30 in the morning subject her household to the perils of semi-starvation. The farmers' wives who bring in the fruit and vegetables and butter and eggs from their farms are all in their places by 5 o'clock, and by 8 many of them are already jogging along on their way homeward. And the market is the chief place for the purchase of edibles in the town of St. Francois. Its supply is meagre enough, and its customs are primitive. The market-women all ask one price and take another; hence a purchase involves an immense amount of bargaining and chaffering and gesticulating, and the worthy townspeople bid each other good morning, and jostle each other with their market-baskets and peer down over each other's shoulders along the meagre array upon the counters with much bustle and curiosity. Berries and vegetables are sold in what the natives call "tireens,"—a most vague and elastic term, as a "tireen" appears to an outsider to be anything from a teacup to a scrub-pail. You may buy a tireenful of raspberries for ten cents, or one for a dollar, and you can only give an indefinite guess at the quantity you are getting for your money. The supply is very scanty, and poor in quality, too. The tiny wild strawberries, wild red raspberries and chokeberries form the bulk of the fruit obtainable in St. Francois.

The French-Canadian farmer is a slow and conservative gardener, and many vegetables and fruits which would ripen easily in the climate are not cultivated nowadays, simply because his grandfather did not cultivate them before him, and his sluggish brain has not yet awakened to the fact that it would be a wise and profitable thing to raise them. The holders of these concessions immediately consolidated their interests, as no doubt was the original intention, and dispatched Juan Hidalgo, armed with powers of attorney and all necessary credentials, to obtain the capital necessary to systematically work one of the most gigantic schemes of monopoly which the world has ever seen. Senor Hidalgo's efforts in San Francisco have been successful, and in July last, under the modest title of the Mother-of-Pearl Shell company, a corporation was formed under the laws of California.

As an evidence of the enormous profit to be made by this gigantic scheme, it may be mentioned that for the past two years the yield of the fisheries, conducted with four schooners and twenty boats, has been from \$200,000 to \$250,000 in pearls, and about nine hundred tons of shell worth from £80 to £70—say £65 per ton, or \$292,500, making a gross yield of \$542,000 per annum.

The company has now four schooners on the fishing grounds, the Porfirio Diaz, the Adriana, the Consuelo and the Paloma. The fisheries are conducted as follows: Each vessel carries five boats, and each boat carries a crew of six men—a diver, two men to work the air pumps, one at the life line and two at the oars. The vessel having anchored on favorable grounds, the boats put off from the ship's side early in the morning. The diver is lowered and remains on the bottom for two or three hours at a time, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon he has filled his iron basket with seven hundred to two thousand shells. At that hour the shells are opened by the officers, who remove and retain in safe-keeping the pearls, which are principally what are known as black pearls, of great rarity and value at present. The docks are then cleared up, and the shells consigned to the hold, and work discontinued for the remainder of the day. The pearls and shells are sold in the markets of London, Paris and Hamburg—principally London.

Preparations are being made by the company to send, as soon as possible, a large fleet of vessels equipped with all the improvements in diving apparatus. As a further instance of the enormous powers conferred by the Gonzales government on its favored monopolies, the holder of the concessions are authorized, without any process of law, by force of arms, if necessary, to arrest any person found fishing in the waters of the gulf without a permit or license from Senor Hidalgo or his associates or their assigns, and to seize their vessels and consign them to the Mexican authorities to be dealt with according to the Mexican law, and all custom-house officers on the gulf coast have been instructed to recognize the permits and licenses of the holders of concessions with the same effect as if issued from the fountain-head of the government.

The Oyster Has them All.

There is a man in Michigan who has an income of \$200,000 a year who has been telling somebody what he knows about happiness. "There are only three real substantial things that you can get out of life," he says, "and the man who has those at the required intervals is as well off as the richest. The three realities are a full stomach, a good suit of clothes, and a bed to sleep in." According to this gentleman an oyster must be as well off as he is. That delightful bivalve usually has a full stomach, a suit of clothes adapted to his residence, and a most comfortable bed to sleep in. The oyster idea of existence, however, is not attractive to everybody. There are people who still think that there are realities in life beyond food and clothes and sleep.—*Ledger*.

The total production of cigars in this country, as estimated by one of the largest manufacturers, is about 8,000,000 a year.

The news of her death, and leaving all else reached Knoxville in time to participate in the sad obsequies and wept the mound above her grave with burning tears, such as follow poignant grief and woe from broken hearts.—*Chattanooga Times*.

One good authority says that the net result of agriculture in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, for the period from 1872 to the beginning of 1884, was a shrinkage of the aggregate capital of the farmers of the British Isles amounting to \$307,700,000.

HEALTH HINTS.

For bilious colic soda and ginger in hot water. It may be taken freely.

Nervous spasms are usually relieved by a little salt taken into the mouth and allowed to dissolve.

Broken limbs should be placed in natural positions and the patient kept quiet until the surgeon arrives.

A pear cure, something after the order of the grape cure, is now in vogue in Oakland, Cal. The diet is wholly of Bartlett pears. An invalid is said to grow thin upon it at first, but in a few weeks usually grows stronger.

The eucalyptus is an anti-malaria and disinfectant agent, capable of correcting many of the evils arising from defective drainage, the leaves yield an aromatic perfume, and are much pleasanter to use for this purpose than carbolic acid or chloride of lime.

According to the *Pharmaceutical Record* freckles may sometimes be made to disappear by an application of citric acid night and morning. Dr. Duhring advises an emulsion of almonds, to be applied until a slight amount of desquamation takes place.

When once a waterproof is put on to defend the body from wet, it should on no account be taken off until the wearer has not only taken shelter, but is in a position to change his clothes. What a covering of oiled silk does for a wet rag in surgery—namely, convert it into a poultice—the waterproof does for the clothes of its wearer.

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Died of a Broken Heart.

News has reached this city of a sensation in our sister city, Knoxville, the facts of which have been suppressed by the local press. A few months ago a wealthy gentleman of that city discovered that one of his employees was paying court to his daughter. The young man was an accomplished scholar, possessing high literary attainments and superior in every regard, but unfortunately was very poor. The stern father, when he made the discovery, forbade the young man his house and prohibited his daughter from ever seeing him again. The love that had been kindled was not to be so easily stifled, and the couple succeeded in holding several clandestine meetings. The father, shrewd in his hard-heartedness, discovered the couple together, and losing his temper, discharged the young man from his employ on the spot, and in the excitement of the moment struck his daughter for disobeying him. The blow was light, but left its mark, and the young lady from that moment began to droop; the imprint on her burning cheek seemed to have been engraved in her heart, and that act of her impetuous father was his fatal mistake. The young man was forced to leave Knoxville to seek employment elsewhere. The tender heart of the fragile girl was broken and a few days ago she died, breathing the name of her lover in her last moments. The first he heard of her sickness was the news of her death, and leaving all else reached Knoxville in time to participate in the sad obsequies and wept the mound above her grave with burning tears, such as follow poignant grief and woe from broken hearts.—*Chattanooga Times*.

The petrified forests of Arizona who have purchased by a company are making the wood into table tiles and other ornamental articles. It is said to be driving onyx from the market, being susceptible of a much higher polish and more durable.

SOME QUEER WILL CASES.

HOW RELATIVES QUARREL AND FIGHT OVER ESTATES.

A Widow's Love—A Will for a Million Dollars Written on a Scrap of Paper—Begins Widows.

Contested will cases are increasing in this city and the custom of making wills is more common to-day than it was a dozen years ago. It is not an unusual occurrence now for a will involving only \$300 to be contested by some relative who has been left out in the cold, and only the other day Register of Wills Rex examined scores of witnesses in a case where the estate bequeathed was valued at less than \$400.

A pear cure, something after the order of the grape cure, is now in vogue in Oakland, Cal. The diet is wholly of Bartlett pears. An invalid is said to grow thin upon it at first, but in a few weeks usually grows stronger.

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The New Legislature.

On Wednesday the General Court assembled and organized, and the Legislature of 1885 is now in fair running order. For the first time in several years, there was felt to be a call for drawing party lines, and prior to the organization of either branch, the Republican members, who are in the majority to an unusual degree as compared with recent Legislatures, met in caucus to nominate presiding officers. In the preliminary canvas for presidency of the Senate, the two candidates were George A. Marden, of Lowell, and Albert E. Pillsbury, of Boston, but in caucus Mr. Marden gracefully withdrew, and Mr. Pillsbury received the unanimous vote of the Senate. From the Journal's sketch of members we clip the following in regard to him:—

Sixth District. Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, Republican, lawyer, lives at No. 622 Tremont street. Born in Milford, N. H., Aug. 19, 1849, he was educated in public schools and academies, and in Harvard University, but did not complete his course at the latter institution. After teaching school and studying law in Illinois he began practice in Boston about thirteen years ago. He was member of the House in 1876, 1877 and 1878, serving on various important committees, including that on the Judiciary. A Senator last year, he was chairman of the Hoosac Tunnel committee and a member of the committees on the Judiciary and on the Bills in the Third Reading.

At the caucus of Representatives there was more of a contest, but the drift was entirely towards J. Q. A. Brackett, Esq., of Boston, and he was nominated with but little delay. The attempt to nominate a clerk on party lines failed, and in this we imagine we discover the insincerity of the majority in their arguments in favor of a caucus for speaker. Mr. Brackett needs no introduction to a large portion of our readers, as he makes his summer residence here with his wife's mother, Mrs. Peck, and many have met him socially on the trains and elsewhere. His preparation for the office is well outlined in the following sketch of him in the Journal:—

John Q. A. Brackett, Republican, lawyer, lives at No. 4, Union Park, was born in Bradford, N. H., June 8, 1842, and was graduated at Harvard University in 1865. He was a member of the Boston Common Council from 1873 to 1876, inclusive, and was President of that body in 1876. In 1874 and 1875 he was Judge Advocate of the First Brigade, M. V. M. A member of the House five years from 1877 he served on a number of important committees, including those on Labor, on Taxation, on Probate and Chancery, on Education, on Retrenchment, on Rules and Orders, on Harbors and Public Lands and on the Revision of the Statutes. Again a member last year, he was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and was also a member of the Committee on Rules.

The House assembled at eleven o'clock, with Mr. Cowdrey of Stoneham, in the chair, the honor being conferred by courtesy as the oldest member. Time and again this pleasant duty has fallen to the genial Hon. John L. Baker, but this year that somewhat eccentric but honored citizen of Beverly "got left." The usual routine business was transacted, and then adjournment was had to the day following, when the new State government was formally inaugurated and the business of the session regularly began.

"Just think of business men, being tempted to exchange their warm, comfortable and nicely furnished homes for cold, filthy and rat-eaten rookeries, or of clergymen being tempted to exchange their altars and pulpits for sewers and street-crossings, or of ladies being tempted to exchange their velvet couches for beds of straw, or of thousands of well-to-do, intelligent, strong people being tempted to exchange these great blessings for poverty, ruin, weakness and uselessness! Such an idea is preposterous. Why, if liquor is such a great and successful tempter as it is said to be, it is a great wonder the devil neglected to try it in the great temptation of forty days and forty nights in the wilderness."

The above is from a long article written in defense of the grogshop over the signature "Wm. S." Cambridge. In view of the fact that every week numerous instances come to the view of every reader of the daily papers where the refined, the noble, both men and women, have been drawn down into the lowest slums of our cities by what is offered for sale in these grogeries,—and that nine-tenths of the sui-

cides are because men and women no longer have the courage or strength to struggle against the power that is destroying health and all power for happiness,—we wonder at the stupidity of the one who wrote the lines above quoted.

The grogshop is not a temptation to the men and women and children who are now in good homes, with pleasant surroundings, but they are and ever will be a terrible temptation to those who in those happy homes have had a natural taste for stimulants inflamed and pampered until it has become a master and they have gone or been driven forth by outraged relatives to become wanderers and patrons of these earthly hells.

The grogshop and beer saloon are unmixed evils,—there is not a single redeeming feature about either; and that community is wise that refuses them existence within its borders, while a curse is sure to rest upon that one giving to either its sanction and protection.

Public Installation in Arlington.

It was much to be regretted that any thing so novel as a Grand Army public installation should occur on an evening set for a lecture by Miss Kate Field, as many who desired to witness both had to make a choice. Admission to the installation was by special tickets and a company of more than two hundred friends of Post 36 crowded upon the space set apart for the installation services, and they proved fully as interesting as any one had anticipated. Adj't. Gen. of the Dept. of Mass., A. C. Munroe, filled the position of installing officer. Judge Adv. John H. Hardy acting in the subordinate capacity of O. of D. Both officers were in full dress uniform, the officers and members of Post 36 were in full uniform and all the minor details of this interesting ceremony were attended to with the utmost care. The following is the full list of officers installed:—

Com., Horace D. Durgin; S. V. C., Nathan Nourse, Jr.; J. V. C., E. A. Jacobs; Q. M., James A. Marden; C., Albert W. Cotton; Surg., Henry D. Bradley; Adj't., J. A. Blanchard; O. D., Major Bacon, G. S. C. Frost; Serg. Maj., Wm. S. Wood; Q. M. S., W. H. Bartlett.

Immediately on the conclusion of this ceremony the officers of Post 36 vacated the several chairs, and Mrs. Augusta C. Randall, of the Relief Corps, assumed command, and welcomed Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller, installing officer for the department, and Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, of national department, her assistant. The pleasing ceremony of installation in the Relief Corps ritual was then gone through with the following officers being installed:—

Pres., Mrs. Augusta C. Randall; S. V., Mrs. Violet C. Durgin; J. V., Mrs. Angie Marden; Sec., Mrs. Lizzie W. Reed; Treas., Mrs. Georgina Simonds; Chap., Miss Nellie M. Farmer; Cond'r., Mrs. Sadie L. Loud; Guard, Mrs. Minnie M. Pierce.

At the conclusion of these ceremonies, comrade Hollis led a chorus in a song, Adj. Gen. Munroe was introduced and made a pleasing address on Grand Army matters. He was followed by Mrs. Fuller, in a neat speech giving some facts as to the growth of the Relief Corps, and was in turn followed by Judge Advocate Hardy and Mrs. Turner. A comrade of Post 36 took Commander Durgin's place in the speech making, closing this part of the exercises, after which the company partook of coffee and cake provided by members of both organizations. A pleasant feature was the presentation of bouquets to Commander Durgin and Mrs. Fuller, by ladies of the Relief Corps, Mrs. Randall making the former and Mrs. Loud the latter. The occasion was one that will long be pleasantly remembered by all.

We give up our temperance department to-day to make room for the report concerning a noble charity in Boston, ninety per cent. of which, however, is necessary because of intemperance and the liquor traffic upon which we mean to make unceasing warfare.

Mr. George W. Gale, lumber dealer at Cambridgeport, whose heavy teams are frequently seen upon our streets loaded with products of his yard and mill, has issued a handsome calendar which he will mail to applicants.

Pach Bros., of Cambridge, have had a remarkably successful year in the photograph business. The location of the studio is favorable, and the artistic quality of the work accounts for the other factors going to make the desirable result.

The estate of the late Hon. F. B. Hayes has been appraised at \$1,299,651, over one million being in real estate. The farm at Lexington is appraised at \$40,000.

No bankruptcy bill and no bail in the coining of silver dollars. These two items have been settled by Congress this week.

There is much complaint about the telephone service,—rather the lack of it. What is the matter?

Scarlet fever and diphtheria are quite prevalent in our adjoining city of Cambridge,—and that nine-tenths of the sui-

BROOKS vs. MEDFORD.

I designate this as a fitting title to what is to come for the sake of convenience, as Medford is, as it was supposed would be the case, opposed to the creation of a new town out of her territory. One can scarcely wonder at that fact when it is considered that naturally, and by every prospect of growth, this part of the town is the best. Being located, as a whole, on higher ground, and on the main line (not a branch, as is Medford) of a railroad, one can hazard but little in saying that for the last dozen years, and doubtless for the next also, the increase in this part of the town has been far greater than in Medford. For proof of this, I quote a few sentences from a paper recently published by Hon. J. M. Usher, called the "New Town Advocate":—

In 1851, there was not in West Medford a single store, post-office, church, or public building of any kind, save a small one-story schoolhouse.

In 1854 we have two churches, three schoolhouses, a post-office, four grocery stores, two provision stores, one tailor's shop, one apothecary store, etc.

In 1851 there was within the limits of the territory now proposed to make the new town, one small schoolhouse with one teacher and an average of eleven pupils.

In 1854 we have the Brooks grammar school, 102 pupils; intermediate, 51 pupils; primary, 53 pupils—in all, 206.

Hall school, intermediate, 37 pupils; primary, 61 pupils.

Cummings, intermediate and primary departments, in both 90 pupils; total, 334.

It is quite remarkable that with such an army of learners there should be so few injuries to folks. Those hurt have only had falling sprains or bruises.

AT THE ARLINGTON RINK.

The Messrs. Porter and Lamontane engaged for next Wednesday evening, Jan 14, are acrobats and tumblers of high reputation in the profession. The extraordinary feature of their exhibitions, however, is that all their difficult acts are performed while on skates.

Mr. G. W. Russell, president of the Club, has gone South on a business trip, to occupy several weeks.

The coming event of the rink is a grand "Calico party." It is not too soon to commence preparing for it.

Miss Gilbert, the talented cornetist, is underlined for Jan. 21.

The floor of the rink is just as smooth and no softer than formerly.

The Monday evening party was a large and pleasant one, as usual. A party was present from Belmont, and the Heights and Lexington were well represented.

An additional lantern now lights the way to the Rink. One at the railroad crossing will be a still further improvement.

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EAST LEXINGTON

NOTES AND ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The examination of the Adams primary school in our village will take place Monday afternoon, January 12, and that of the Howard, taught by Miss Nellie Parker, will occur the morning of January 12.

The many friends of Mr. Fred Brown will be glad to hear that he writes that he is getting better every day at Tampa, though his cough will not leave him in a hurry. He says it seemed very strange at Christmas to see the ladies dressed in white, with shade hats. As he is a sportsman, he enjoys gunning, and kills pigeons and larks.

Mrs. Stone and daughter are at Washington, but intend to go farther South before they return.

Do not forget the Pink Party next week.

About two weeks since, Mr. Geo. Simonds, on the Lowell turnpike, had about seventy-five hens stolen, and last week Mr. Cornelius Willington, who resides in the south part, had between thirty and forty hens taken from his hen house. This, we are told, is the second visitation he has received, and some one gives this wholesome advice, that it would be wise, when you bolt the door, to fasten the windows.

The Band of Mercy holds its monthly meeting Saturday afternoon, January 15. The committee hope to make the exercises interesting, and request a full attendance.

Mr. Clifford Bryant left for Chicago last Saturday. His many friends here regretted his departure.

Rev. Mr. Buck preached last Sabbath from Luke 19:17. He commenced by saying that a part of this text, which he would accentuate is comprised in the words a "very little." We are called to be faithful in not only a little, but a very little. The life of a human being is resultant upon three conditions,—heredity, environment and choice. The first is beyond the reach of his own control, and determines whether he shall be a human being or an animal. The greatest feature of his existence is derived from those who lived before him. Every genealogical tree bears its own peculiar fruit. Not only feature and form do we inherit from our ancestors, but family resemblances, strangely marked even in moral aptitude and capacity.

Deaths.

In Fitchburg, Dec. 23rd, Chayles Fessenden, aged 72 years.

In Arlington, Jan. 3d, on his 71st birthday, Mr. Thomas Ramsell.

In Arlington, Jan. 5, Charles P. Bradley, aged 60 years.

Houses are spoken for almost as soon as they are projected, and owing to their scarcity, rents are very high,—houses worth, land and all, not over \$2,000, renting readily for \$20 a month. Owing to Medford's demands and ill-managed affairs, our taxes have gone up, up, till now they are \$19.20 on \$1,000, the highest of any place I know of. Therefore do I believe we cannot do better than by "settling up for ourselves," and we shall be free from the odium of being identified in any way with the place where Medford runs it.

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The following letter from Mrs. Caswell, the head of the well-known Industrial Home, is in response to a Christmas gift of five barrels of articles, sent her from the Hancock church, Lexington:—
The trust Charity trains the Poor to help them selves.

INDUSTRIAL HOME,

39 NORTH BENNET ST.
BOSTON Jan. 3, 1885.

My dear Friends:—As you may well understand, this has been a busy week, and I am only too glad to inform you that the last mother has gone away in triumphant possession of the family basket; the last child has been amused, warmed and fed; the "outlying reserve" from the street has been permitted to carry away the debris, and the most unmusical sound of the broom and scrubbing-brush greet my ear as I write, in energetic use by our army of scrubbing women, and to-night at ten o'clock you will never dream that over one thousand people have been holding high festival in our Home from top to bottom.

You will be glad to know that with your generous—yes, most generous—gifts, we had enough to "go round." Without them we must have disappointed a large number of people, for we did not make a public appeal this year.

The boys and girls in the printing class issued tickets inviting sixty mothers and six-hundred children to the home for special entertainment. It would have touched your heart to have seen the patient faces of the mothers as they filed in and seated themselves at table. They all came looking neat and clean. After a short talk from myself, and after asking God's blessing upon the festival, they began with immense relish to attack the good things before them. Some kept wiping away tears, because of the kind thought of them manifested by that supper, which was prepared and sent by Hotel Brunswick, Parker House, Revere, Crawford and United States. It was truly tempting, I assure you,—escalloped oysters, turkey, chicken, ham, tongue, pies, cake, oranges, apples, etc., etc., etc. Some of these mothers told the ladies who served them that they had not had a "real square meal" since eating at the Home one year ago. When, from physical impossibility to eat another mouthful, the meal came to an end, the family baskets were presented, and each went to another room and helped herself to vegetables, from your barrels and others, and went home happy.

While this affair was going on in one part of the house, our "lively six hundred" were gathering in the large hall. The rush for front seats was something appalling. When I was able to leave the mothers and get to the children I found every one of my helpers struggling to control this multitude, who were in wild disorder. One glance was sufficient to give me a clue to the whole affair. A company of some of the worst North-End boy ruffians had got into the house and into the hall. (I found afterwards that they had cut some tickets the size and color of ours, and in the rush succeeded in passing them.) I sent immediately to the station for a police officer, and received word that they were all away on duty. The tumult was increasing rapidly. I then mounted the platform and succeeded in quieting them long enough to begin the exercises, which were to consist of readings, songs, zilliphone, violin, etc., etc., two humorists, and altogether a very enjoyable programme for our own boys and girls.

But these roughs interfered sadly with the performers by rude remarks and behavior, hissing, shouting, stamping, etc. I really wanted them to enjoy the evening,—and indeed it was Hobson's choice, for had we attempted putting them out without an officer, a mob might have been the result. There seemed nothing left but a "strategic movement." Asking the performers to wait a few moments, and using a bell, I gained their attention, and amid a profound silence, said these words: "We have invited our Industrial Home boys and girls here this evening to enjoy a holiday entertainment. A company of some of the worst North-End boy ruffians had got into the house and into the hall. (I found afterwards that they had cut some tickets the size and color of ours, and in the rush succeeded in passing them.) I sent

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The next day was spent in preparing for one hundred and thirty little "waifs from the slums," selected by the truant officers and police, who had missed all the Christmas chances of the season by being simply so buried in their dens as to be entirely overlooked. They were to come at two o'clock, but began to assemble before our door at eleven a.m. As you may imagine, the street was pretty lively for several hours, and all who went in or out of the Home "worked a passage." One very nice looking gentleman, feeling interested in our work, unfortunately chose this hour to visit the Home. Four boys clung to his coat, determined to be brought in thereby. Feeling doubtful of the strength of the material and stitches, the gentleman wisely turned his steps in the opposite direction, and was immediately released. He described his sensations to a friend as similar to those of a man rescued from a pack of wolves.

The daughters of our late poet Longfellow, with some of their friends, superintended this entertainment, soliciting material and doing the work themselves.

At two o'clock the door was opened, and such a rush! The crowd was at last relieved of any outer garments that might have been worn in, and strangled in a procession. Such

rags! such odors! such soiled faces and hands! and such bright eyes and expectant faces you seldom see!

After one or two preliminary fights before starting, they marched to the large hall to music; and oh, such a shout when they saw the beautiful Christmas trees arranged by the young ladies and gentlemen of the Longfellow party!

After they were seated (and it took four officers and the assistance of the young people to seat them and keep them seated), one young lady stepped forward and said: "Children, you are to have something to eat, and we will play games with you. Which will you first, eat or play games?" To the astonishment of all, they shouted in chorus: "Play games first!" Then was photographed on my mind a picture which I shall never forget. Delicate, lovely young ladies, of the highest culture and refinement, clasped the soiled hands of those ragged boys, and noble young men took the hands of the little girls, and they made circles and gave themselves up to a frolic and general good time never to be forgotten. The noise was perfectly deafening. There was sufficient sound to reach Lexington, had it been suitably arranged.

When everybody was out of breath, they all sat down and were served bountifully with good things to eat. After a few magical performances, and music by the ladies and gentlemen, each boy received a knife and each girl a doll with a box of doll's clothes "to put on and take off." At this the audience went perfectly wild, and nothing could be heard but screams of delight. They could not rest until we went all about and looked at every knife, which had to be opened and shut, and every doll, with each special wardrobe.

Then came an immense "grab bag," containing about five barrels of toys, etc. Each boy and girl was permitted to grab, or "fish," as they called it, until it was empty. You may imagine this scene, for it surpasses my powers of description.

When quiet was once more restored through the efforts of our entire force, each news-boy was called up to a beautiful young lady who presented him with a muffler, and each boy-black received a pair of mittens. Every boy and girl received a useful garment.

Last, but by no means least, came the baskets. Each boy and girl received a market-basket, in which was a loaf of bread, and various toys, etc., upon the bottom, into which they packed all their other gifts, and marched down stairs in procession, to music, as they marched up; and I don't think North Bennet street ever witnessed a happier crowd of boys and girls than these one hundred and thirty with their baskets filled to overflowing, as they ran to their various miserable dens to show their treasures—to whom? Alas! alas! in many cases to drunken parents in no condition to give them a particle of intelligent sympathy. I could imagine many a child hiding her treasures lest they be taken from her and pawned or sold for rum, or, perhaps, food.

Could you take but one glance into those one hundred and thirty homes, you could not forget the pictures in many years.

Are you not glad that some of your gifts went to this festival also?

But, lest you never want to hear from me now, I release you, with "A Happy New Year" to every friend of the Industrial Home in Lexington.

Please extend our thanks to the kind, helpful friends who pinned on the little envelopes containing the money.

Gratefully yours, H. S. CASWELL.

The New Year's number of *Wide Awake* supplements the beautiful Christmas issue in a delightful fashion, filled as it is with holiday stories, pictures and poems. The frontispiece by Lungren, represents one of Boston's merriest scenes—eveling skating in the Public Garden. A crisp and merry winter story follows, from the pen of Susan Coolidge, a finished piece of literary work, and in its fancy suggestive of Hawthorne. Another story, fine in its literary finish, is from the pen of Edward Abbott. The first of the promised Group of True Western Stories is given in this number; "Wagon-Tire Camp," by Kate Foote, recording the first discovery of gold in the West. David Ker also has a bright travelling sketch, "A school in the Faroe Islands," and Yan Phou Lee, in his curious series, "When I was a boy in China," describes a Chinese house. The serials move on entertainingly. The poems and their illustrations are notably fine. The Chautauque Readings cover a wide range of literature, history, science and art. Only \$3.00 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The Art Interchange is one of the best illustrated household journals of painting, embroidery, home art work, literature and art, with colored and design supplement sheets. The Interchange aims always to be the leading art publication in character and in the possession of novel and progressive features, a reputation it has earned and which it should have as the oldest established popular art journal in the U.S. Its prospectus is now out for the ensuing year, which promises much for the interest and value of the paper. Its "Notes and Queries" department has proved of great value to art students, and its many illustrations and colored plate supplements will doubtless prove a great encouragement to subscribe the coming year. Wm. Whitlock, Publ., 140 Nassau St., New York.

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37 Cornhill, Boston.
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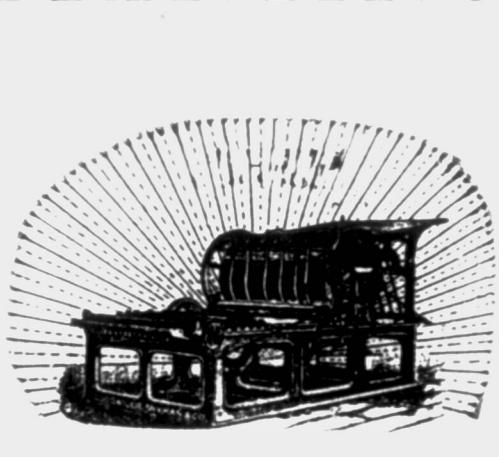
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to see that every Bar is stamped with a Pair of Hands, and not accept any substitute. In the use of

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people realize 'VALUE RECEIVED' and discover that superiority in WASHING QUALITY peculiar to this Soap.
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BOSTON, MASS.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. Work at home, or go where you please, only, or all the time. All of both sexes of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to \$3 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer. To all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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CARDS--ALL KINDS,
BILLHEADS,
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BOOKS--EVERY SORT.

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J. R. KENDRICK,
General Manager, Boston.

L. H. PALMER,
Agent, 3 Old State House, Boston.

FREIGHT.—This line has a fleet of steamers engaged exclusively in the freight service, thus insuring prompt and reliable movement. Rates always as low as other lines. 15 Jun 1883.

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HARRY L. ALDERMAN,

Graduate of the American Veterinary College of N. Y. City.

Can be consulted upon the diseases of Domestic Animals and Veterinary Surgery at residence or hospital.

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Boston Directory.

Embracing a list of the places of business of some of the residents of Arlington and Lexington which will prove a convenience to every one.

Miscellaneous.

PARKER & WOOD,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
49 North Market Street, Boston.

BOYLSTON M. INSURANCE CO.,
30 Kilby Street, Boston.
J. W. BALCH, Pres. W. GLOVER, Sec.

FAY, WILSON W. & CO.,
COMMISSION STOCK BROKERS,
7 State Street, Boston.

KERN & FITCH,
CONVEYANCERS,
23 Court Street, Room 51 to 54, Boston.

KENISON, DR. P.,
CHIROPODIST,
18 Temple Place, Boston.

LUMBER,
WM. H. WOOD & CO.,
Broadway and Third street, Cambridgeport.

WASHINGTON F. & M. INS. CO.,
Isaac Sweetser, Pres. A. W. Damon, Sec.
38 State Street, Boston.

WOOD BROTHERS,
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,
12 Sudbury Street, corner Friend, Boston.

Men's Goods.

DEVEREAUX & LINDSAY,
TAILORS,
Chambers 363 Washington St., Boston.

DYER, J. T. & CO.,
MEN'S FURNISHINGS,
Bowdoin Square, 19 Green St., Boston.

JACKSON & CO.,
HATTERS AND FURRIES,
39 Tremont street, Boston.

LAMKIN, G. & CO.,
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES,
28 Tremont Row, Boston.

GOODNOW, W. H.,
HATTER,
10 Hanover Street, Boston.

For the Home.

HOMER, H. H. & CO.,
CROCKERY AND GLASS,
53 Franklin Street, Boston.

CROSBY, FRANKLIN,
CARPETS, OIL, CLOTH ETC.,
90 Hanover Street, Boston.

MERRILL, J. S. & SON,
PAPER HANGINGS and Window Shades,
26 and 28 Washington street, Boston.

CHIPMAN'S SONS & CO.,
CARPETINGS,
93 Court, corner Hanover street, Boston.

For the Table.

BURT & HARRIS,
BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS,
24 Quincy Market, Boston.

FLOUR,
LANE & CO.,
Agents for Celebrated 1001 Brand,
200 State street, Boston.

FESSENDEN, C. B. & CO.,
FINE GROCERIES, ETC.,
177 Court Street, Boston.

SQUIRE, JOHN P. & CO.,
PORK, LARD, BACON, ETC.,
23 and 25 F. H. Market, 39 and 40 N. Market St.

RICHARDSON, GRO. E. & CO.,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUIT,
No. 1 Faneuil Hall Sq., Boston.

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POULTRY AND WILD GAME,
No. 1 New Faneuil Hall Market, Boston.

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Free Trial - Low Price.

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MEETS A REAL WANT.

By its use the soft spongy feeling of the Parlor Sofa is imparted to even a cheap mattress.

COMFORT, CLEANLINESS, ECONOMY AND

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Changes can be quickly made in size, by any one, to fit any bedstead, and to produce a hard, or soft bed.

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25 Apr 1883

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Receiver of

Fine Butter.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek Isles of the yellow-birds' song!
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.
Nay not to the left, nay not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight.
The Fortune Isles where the yellow sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortune Isles they are not so far
They lie within reach of the lowliest door,
You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—

Nay, never look back! Those leveled grave stones
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones.

Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortune Isles?

Why, Duty and Love and a large content.

Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles.

That God let down from the firmament.

Lo, Duty and Love, and a true man's trust.

Your forehead to God and your feet in the dust;

Lo! Duty and Love, and a sweet babe's smile,
And these, oh, friend, are the Fortune Isles.

—Joaquin Miller, in *Chicago Current*.

"SOL"—A PROBLEM.

CHAPTER I.—ELIMINATION.

It seems to be an essentially masculine notion, the world over, that the female intellect is incapable of solving a problem, save of the simplest order. The question in Mr. Haines Leavenworth's mind, on a certain lovely summer afternoon, was as to the possibility of Miss Ida Northrup's solving the problem of existence without himself as a chief factor.

It was very evident that the young lady had made up her mind on that point. With a partly sympathetic, partly inexorable, facial expression, she industriously drew the threads of an open-work linen "tidy," as she rocked lightly back and forth, on the porch of an old-fashioned farmhouse whose owners did not object to city boarders as a source of revenue.

Mr. Haines Leavenworth stood by a wooden pillar, in the act of taking leave (a very long, drawn-out process, in this instance), and pulled nervously at the clusters of honeysuckle, while his eyes rested with a bewildered, reproachful expression on the smoothly-braided brown hair, dark gray eyes, and symmetrical features of the lady before him.

"I trust you will never have occasion to regret your decision," he stammered, growing red and pale by turns, and suddenly becoming conscious that he had said a hopelessly idiotic thing.

Miss Northrup's handsome eyebrows showed an infinitesimal degree of elevation as she dexterously tied some knots in the fringe of her tidy. Haines Leavenworth was rich. His father was a judge, his mother's grandmother had been a Knickerbocker; what more could any sensible girl require?

If Miss Northrup chose to put that interpretation on his confused words, it was useless to explain. He pressed his hat down over his crimsoned forehead, put out his cold, trembling hand, and with the faint touch of the lady's rosy fingertips to bear him impalpable companionship on "the arid pathway of his future," as he insisted on calling it, passed out of Eden.

Miss Northrup watched his retreating figure with curious emotions. She felt sorry for "the arid pathway of his future," as far as it went, feeling morally sure that some new divinity would in time cause it to rejoice and blossom. For a possible judicial father-in-law, and a Knickerbocker mamma, she suffered no fleeting pangs of regret. As to money, she had enough for her own moderate desires.

Still, he had been an agreeable, flavoring element in her summer; he had relieved loneliness, and brought the latest magazines to the intellectually barren farmhouse, had given her pleasant moonlight rides on the lovely river; in short, he had behaved like a perfect gentleman. But he had touched no deep chord, aroused no passion. Was she to blame that he had misconstrued her gratitude, her natural pleasure in his refined, courteous ways?

Oh, dear! It was all a vexing, perplexing muddle! Miss Ida breathed a little half-guilty sigh, folded her work, and went into the house, leaving the light rocking-chair to sway back and forth of its own sweet will, until the natural forces (gravitation, retarded velocity, and whatever others were involved) should bring it to a state of rest.

CHAPTER II.—SUBSTITUTION.

Miss Northrup tied on her wide shade-hat, and sauntered along the country road, sketch-book in hand, in the direction opposite to that which her rejected suitor had taken. She was not entirely satisfied with herself, and wanted to do a little "sincere" work as an off-set. An artist-friend had once told her good-naturedly that her sketches showed "power." He did not tell her that the "power" was too thick in some places and too thin in others. She seated herself on the mossy roots of an old tree (artists usually do seat themselves on the roots of old trees when they do sketch in the country), and cast about her for a subject worthy of her pencil. A ruined old cabin, not fit for a human dwelling, caught her fancy, and she had succeeded in tracing its outlines with a fair degree of accuracy, when a childish scream started her, and a beautiful little child, about four years old, ran out of the doorway, and almost into Miss Northrup's arms. Her pretty blue eyes were red with weeping, her silken, corn-colored curly tangled, and her face stained with dirt and tears. A ragged gingham apron covered a still more ragged gown, and her little feet were shoeless and stockingless.

"Daddy! me! daddy! me!" sobbed the poor little waif, as she clung trembling to Ida's skirt. When the physician had taken his leave, and Miss Northrup had retired to her room for a refreshing sleep after her long anxiety, the nurse watched her from the door of the sick-room, as her slender figure glided along the corridor, and when she was no longer in sight, he picked up a tiny knot of ribbon that had fallen from her dress, and pressed it to his lips again and again. A coming footstep startled him, and he thrust it into his bosom, but the ecstatic smile on his face lingered there until his wearied body sought repose.

The nurse's duties were over. Sol was convalescent; and her adopted mother had come to settle her account with Mr. Robert Safford. He had been so gentle-

pressed sobs, he uttered an oath, and staggered back into the cabin.

"Be quiet, my poor baby! No one shall hurt you again," said Miss Northrup, soothingly; and, putting up her sketch-book (for the ruined dwelling had lost its picturesqueness, and become hateful in her sight), she took the little creature's hand and hastened back to the farmhouse.

Mrs. Morgan, her landlady, was voluble in explanation.

"Land's sake! It's Lol Reese, old Sol Reese's youngster! He's the shiftless, drunkenest old scamp out of State's prison. The poor little creetur's mother died of a broken heart nigh on to two years ago, and old Sol's that tormented ugly he won't let none of the neighbors do for the child, though, goodness knows, we do all we can, on the sly! She's as pretty a little youngster, when she's clean, as there is anywhere around—if she could only be kep' nice."

"Is there no law to protect her from his drunken fury?" questioned Ida, indignantly. "Why don't the selectmen of the next town do something?"

She had begun to wash the tear-stained face, and to smooth the tangled curls; and Mrs. Morgan paused in her task of slicing cold potatoes for frying, as she answered, with a contemptuous laugh:

"The selectmen are all afraid to meddle with old Sol for fear hell set their fine houses afire!"

"And meanwhile this poor baby must run the risk of being beaten to death," said Miss Northrup, with flashing eyes.

"With a little assistance from you, Mrs. Morgan, I shall take the law into my own hands, selectmen or no selectmen!"

After a plentiful supper of bread and milk, Miss Northrup's little charge was robed in an improvised nightgown, made of a dressing sack with the sleeves turned back, and laid to rest in such a bed as her baby fancy had never been bold enough to picture; while her new-found benefactor started across the fields in company with Mr. Morgan, to interview old Sol.

A few resolute threats on Miss Northrup's part, reinforced by Mr. Morgan with an occasional drawing, "That's so, Sol! You'll get yourself into trouble if the lady takes them bruises into court!" a string of oaths from old Sol, who was almost too drunk to understand what was being done, and the guardian ship of Laura Henriette Reese was informally made over to Miss Ida Northrup, who omitted her contemplated temperance lecture, from sheer disgust, and returned to her sleeping charge, thankful that the affair had been so easily managed.

The laws of heredity troubled her not. She knew, also, that there were laws of eradication and pruning, and as she gazed into those innocent blue eyes that opened at her approach, and stroked the silken curls, the coming days seemed to be full of promise—full of work and worthiness. She had "eliminated" Haines Leavenworth. She had "substituted" Sol.

CHAPTER III.—SOLUTION.

It was a fatal winter in the great city where Ida Northrup lived. The pestilence which broods in filthy courts, and dens of moral and physical uncleanness, had struck at the strongholds of aristocracy as well; and mourning and desolation were in wealthy homes, where drainage pipes were defective, and skill, money and devoted love powerless to save.

A young physician with few patients was sitting in his uptown office talking with a college friend, when he received a hasty summons to the house of Miss Ida Northrup, a block or two distant, "Hold very ill with the pestilence," the message ran.

His friend started at the name.

"Do you know Miss Northrup, Charley?" he inquired, nervously.

"I have met her at old Dr. Wiliard's," was the young physician's reply. She is intimate with her daughter Mary. I believe she has lately adopted a child—a poor little waif whom she picked up last summer in a farming village.

He went on hurriedly collecting phials and powders, and was donning his street coat, when his friend exclaimed:

"Charley, for old friendship's sake, listen to me a minute, and don't thwart me, I beg of you. It is a matter of life and death with me!"

*

When Dr. Bruce entered the room where Ida Northrup's little charge lay stricken with the fever, he was followed by a grave, professional man, wearing green glasses, and a grizzled beard, whom he introduced as a "nurse," Robert Safford. He had providentially met him and brought him along, as it was almost impossible to procure a lady nurse at present, so great was the demand. Miss Northrup was so absorbed in her adopted child, so anxious for the doctor's verdict, that she scarcely noticed the nurse. Ah, could she have known how hungrily the eyes behind the green glasses were regarding her, it would have made her heart beat a trifle more quickly in spite of her pre-occupation!

*

The new nurse was a perfect treasure. Such devotion, such swift silent, constant helpfulness, and such iron endurance were seldom witnessed, even among the many brave, self-denying workers in that city of the doomed. His unflinching faithfulness had its reward. There came a day when Dr. Bruce pronounced Sol out of danger—and when Ida Northrup bowed her beautiful head, with tears of thankfulness, and held out her hand first to the physician, and then to his noble co-worker, the eyes behind the green glasses blazed with glad triumph, and the grave and quiet nurse sang inwardly the song that Miriam sung.

When the physician had taken his leave, and Miss Northrup had retired to her room for a refreshing sleep after her long anxiety, the nurse watched her from the door of the sick-room, as her slender figure glided along the corridor, and when she was no longer in sight, he picked up a tiny knot of ribbon that had fallen from her dress, and pressed it to his lips again and again. A coming footstep startled him, and he thrust it into his bosom, but the ecstatic smile on his face lingered there until his wearied body sought repose.

*

The nurse's duties were over. Sol was convalescent; and her adopted mother had come to settle her account with Mr. Robert Safford. He had been so gentle-

manly, so refined, so unselfish that she fairly shrank from offering him money. With stammering, faint words, she finally opened the subject, and, to her great relief, found that Mr. Safford took it as a matter of course, thanked her for the money, and wrote a receipt in a thoroughly business-like manner.

"Then there is nothing more to be attended to," remarked Miss Northrup, graciously.

His eyes dwelt upon her face abstractedly. "No—nothing more—to be attended to!" he answered, dreamily, and bent over his little charge to receive her good-byes.

When he turned to Miss Northrup for a grave, respectful leave-taking, her hand rested in his for a moment, and he detained it in his clasp. He was trembling with his long suppressed emotion. A strange thrill passed over his companion, and she gazed at him piercingly. Memories of a happy summer floated through her brain—a manly form was at her side, a pleasant voice was still beguiling the vacation days on mountain, road and river. Could it be that the unforgotten presence was beside her now? Ah, "elimination" was not yet complete!

His hand closed more firmly over hers—he drew nearer—raised his other hand, and removed the green glass and the grizzled beard.

"Ida! Can you forgive me? I have gained a title to your esteem at last, or forfeited it for ever? Have I given you any reason for taking back the words you spoke the day we parted, 'That you could never love a man who had not at some time performed a noble deed, or fulfilled some high duty?'

Nearer—nearer came the slender figure—crimson grew the cheeks pale with violet, pleading grew the lovely eyes filled with remorseful tears.

"It is I alone who need forgiveness. Truly—I truly you have shown your allegiance—and the guerdon of knighthood is already yours!"

The Colossus of Rhodes.

The New York *Observer* says that the colossal statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, which will be reared within a few months upon Bedloe's Island in the bay of New York, is sure to be compared with the Colossus of Rhodes oftener than any other work of the kind, ancient or modern. The most authentic accounts make the Colossus of Rhodes to have been seventy cubits or above 105 feet in height, while the figure of M. Bartholdi's Liberty will be 105 feet high, without reckoning the coronet, or 137 feet nine inches from the sole of the foot to the tip of the torch in the outstretched hand, the grand total height of pedestal and statue being about 220 feet. Thus the Colossus of New York will be considerably larger than was the Colossus of Rhodes.

This Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world, was the work of Chares the Lindian, a pupil of the famous Lysippus. There is still extant, however, a Greek epigram of two lines, which attributes the work to Chares, and that it was erected in the third century B. C.

A mechanician of the following century, Philo Byzantius, wrote a treatise on the seven wonders of the world, one chapter of which was devoted to the Colossus. He says that the figure was joined together inside by iron and squared stones, the connecting bolts showing Cyclopean blows of the hammer; that after the base of white marble had been laid down the great statue was cast and built up in successive sections until it became "a second son before the world." It took all of twelve years (B. C. 292-280) to complete this great work, and the amount of money expended upon it was three hundred talents, or over three hundred thousand dollars.

About fifty-six years after its erection the Colossus was shaken down by an earthquake, and it was at the same time broken off at the knees.

The Rhodian taste in sculpture inclined to the colossal, for Pliny relates further that Rhodes had more than a hundred other colossal statues, and though they were smaller than the great one, any one of them would have ennobled the place. A few modern authorities suppose the Colossus to have been really restored for a time, but they can show no good foundation for such a belief. It is more probable that the great Colossus lay in ruins for nearly nine hundred years. Then the Saracens obtained possession of Rhodes, and their general, Moawiyah, sold in A. D. 672 the bronze fragments of the prostrate statue to a Jewish merchant, who packed them upon nine hundred camels and carried them away. From the number of camels necessary to remove the bronze, Scaliger calculated its weight at 700,000 pounds.

The popular idea of the Colossus of Rhodes has long been that it stood with legs astride across the entrance of the harbor, holding a light aloft as a pharos, and that ships could pass at full sail between its legs. This idea has been proved false. The main harbor of Rhodes has too wide an entrance to admit of such a posture, but a narrow passage leading into the inner harbor has been suggested by several travelers as the site of the striding statue. The Colossus doubtless stood near the harbor, but not over it in the remarkable position so generally accepted, for no ancient author mentions this position.

Laudanum Drunkards.

While the temperance people are busying themselves about the liquor question it would not be a bad idea for them also to give some attention to the laudanum drunkards, who are now quite numerous, and increasing with alarming rapidity. Druggists who sell the drug to these wretched creatures should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, which forbids the sale of poison except on the authority of a prescription by a recognized physician. Opium joints, which have of late sprung up like mushrooms, also offer a field for the work of temperance people, who would probably find in such labor a pleasant relief from the monotonous war which they have waged so long against the great bugaboo rum.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

*

Bismarck says that medicine has no

progress in 2,000 years. The non-re-

stitution of Otto's top hair has made him

a trifle bitter toward medical men.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

There are certain crabs which live on dry land, but they manage to keep their gills wet.

General Scott is credited with saying that terrapin is the best food vouchsafed by Providence to mortal man.

The highest velocity that has been imparted to shoot is given as 1628 feet per second, being equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds.

Duels in France in the reign of Henry IV. resulted directly and indirectly in the death of 20,000 persons. In 545 duels fought in that country since 1869 but eight have been fatal.

In a certain province in southern Russia a coin is current which is made in the form of a wafer from the juice of tree. Their value is so microscopic that 250,000 of them would be required to purchase an American dollar.

Francis Atkins was porter at the palace gate of Salisbury, England, from the time of Bishop Burnett to the period of his death in 1761, at the age of 104 years. It was his office every night to wind the clock. This he did regularly till within a year of his decease, though the clock was on the summit of the palace.

The use of the magnet for the cure of diseases was known to the ancients. It was known to Aetius, who lived as early as the year 500. He says: "We are assured that those who are troubled with the gout in their hands or their feet, or with convulsions, find relief when they hold a magnet."

A recent calculation shows that a man weighing 160 pounds, and running a mile in six minutes, performs work about equal to that of a half-horse engine, while a walker sustaining five miles an hour for a long time does work equal to that of a quarter horse engine, and consumes only one twentieth of the weight of food or fuel.

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FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

SOME OF THEIR LATEST EFFORTS TO CREATE LAUGHTER.

Chance for Relief—Millions in It—He Lacked Energy—Trustee Pullback's Resolution in the Limekiln Club, Etc.

Proud Mother—"Do you know, dear, I believe our baby will be a singer, perhaps a great tenor like Brignoli or Campanini?"

Tired Father—"He strikes high C mighty often, if that's what you mean."

"Yes, the tones are so sweet and shrill. I hope we will be able to have his voice cultivated in Europe."

"By Jove! good idea. Send him now."

—Cato.

Millions in It.

"Not a word to a living soul now, my dear, but I've struck a scheme that'll make us rich."

"What is it?"

"Coffins and tombstones."

"How's that?"

"New treaty with Spain, you know. American manufactures free of duty in Cuba. Big thing. Millions in coffins and tombstones."

"Why?"

"Sh! Not a word. They have an insurrection in Cuba very week. Collin's will go like hot cakes." —*Chicago News*.

He Lacked Energy.

It was almost midnight; the hands of the clock were tolling painfully around their circuit, the maiden yawned and incidentally remarked that it was growing late, but the youth kept his seat.

"Miranda," he said at length, "I have made up my mind to ask you if you will be my wife."

"I don't know," she answered, "you seem to lack energy, and energy is an important thing in a young man who undertakes the responsibility of supporting a wife."

"Of course, but why do you think I lack energy?"

"Because there doesn't seem to be much go to you."

"Much go to me!"

"Not much go home, at least."

He understood her. —*Boston Courier*.

Trustee Pullback's Resolution

Trustee Pullback then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, Dat dis Lime Kiln club uses its influence wid Congress to secure a greater volume of currency.

"Brudder Pullback, what was your objeck in presentin' dat resolushun?" asked the president.

"To float out de currency, sah."

"Um! While I lay de resolushun on de table, let me give you a few words of advice. You has been own' Samuel Shin two dollars for a hull yar' past. Spose'n you float dat out. You are three months' behind in your dues. Please float six bits into de treasury. You owe the grocer an' de butcher, and de Sheriff will soon be floatin' after you if you doan' squar' up. De volume of currency am all right. Let ebery man pay his honest debts, an' dar will be no lack of money to do bizness wid. Let us now sing our closin' songs an' wend our way homeward." —*Detroit Free Press*.

A Lively Fight With a Grizzly.

"It was in 1879, in a little canon that opens out into Clear creek," said Mr. Perrin. "I wandered off into the mountains in search of herbs to spice up some new stomach bitters I was dispensing to the boys. The day was warm and I had just thrown my coat, and was walking along just above the walls of the little canon a mile or so from Clear creek. I was startled by a crash among the brush just behind me, when upon looking quickly around I saw a grizzly coming for me, his jaws wide open, his long red tongue protruding from his mouth, his sharp teeth gleaming, and his hot breath almost burning my face, he was so close. I was struck with dumb surprise for a second, but regaining my presence of mind, I threw my coat over his head and made a break for the railroad.

"He soon disentangled himself and joined in the race. It was no walk away for me, I can tell you. I had heard that a bear couldn't run well on a side hill, so I caught on to a brush and swung down the wall of the canon, which was not very steep at that point, and rushed on. But he was too cute for my tactics. He ran along above to head me off. Finally he ventured too near the canon, and, losing his balance, rolled over. To my horror he tumbled down upon me. And then we rolled down to the bed of that creek together. Right there was fought the hardest bear fight that ever occurred in Colorado. We fought for three-quarters of an hour."

"How did the fight come out?" came in a chorus of hoarse whispers from the party that had been listening eagerly to the recital.

"The bear killed me," said Perrin, coolly, as he led the way to the side-board. —*St. Paul Day*.

Not Exactly Murder.

"Murder!"

This cry in a well known hotel in Detroit the other afternoon, proceeding from a room on the third floor, caught the ears of several chambermaids and created instant consternation.

"Oh! Heavens!"

It was the voice of a man who shrieked the words from room No. 40, and the chambermaid at once sent a messenger to the office with the news that murder was being committed.

"Don't kill me by inches!"

These words alarmed others beside chambermaids, and the group of three or four presently grew to a dozen. Who occupied the room? One of the chambermaids recollects of seeing a beetie-browed man of general piratical look, accompanied by a woman closely veiled, enter No. 40. Was he killing her?

"Oh! oh! you are killing me!"

It was the voice of the man. The veiled woman had got him in her power, and seemed to be submitting him to some sort of torture. Several of the crowd knocked on the door at once, and one of the chambermaids demanded in a falsetto voice that he be opened at once. There was a ha! ha! ha! from the veiled woman, and the voice of the man cried out:

"What do you mock at my misery?"

A click came from the office and demanded admittance in the name of the ever.

law, the Continental Congress, and several other things, and after some little delay the door was opened and a woman stood in the opening and asked what was wanted.

"What's going on in there—who's being hurt?"

She laughed her ha! ha! again, and it was echoed by the voice of a man behind her.

"What's all this about?" shouted the clerk.

"Why, sir," she demurely replied, "I was only pulling a porous plaster off my husband's back!" —*Free Press*.

Lesbia's Poem.

In Puck's "Answers for the Anxious," a correspondent—"Lesbia"—who sends a poem is disposed of as follows: Yes, dear, it is a very pretty poem; but, bless your young heart, we have the receipt for making that kind of thing by the gross. It is much more easy than the well-known acrobatic feat of rolling off a log. It is frequently very difficult to roll off a log—to roll it off another man's wood-pile without attracting the attention of the dog, for instance. But anybody can write that kind of poem. All you have to do is to give an accurate machine-made description of nature—say like this:

Now the snow is softly falling
On the meadows bleak and bare,
And the snowbirds sad are calling
To each other through the air—

You can go on with that kind of thing and chase the fleeting Muse as long as the soles of your balmoral hold out—thus, as were:

Now the tumtum tumpty tiddies
And the tiddy tumtum tees—
While the itty um that iddes
Tums with tumtum all the trees.

So she—
Like a—
And I hear the
Gandy dropping through the air

Then, when you think you have done about enough for your country in this line, you can finish up with the ease and grace of a trapeze performer, after this fashion:

Silent are the frozen sparrows,
Round the house the storm wind hums;
Now the Frost-King shoots his arrows—
Choose pneumonia or gout.

Lesbia, we and a club can transform our office-boy into a poet on that principle. You will find that you have got to galvanize the market with something fresher than that, if you want to step into the great, busy, jostling horde of poets and not get trodden into the slabby mud of oblivion.

The Ameities of War.

Generals Pierce Young and Custer were messmates and classmates and devoted friends at West Point. In the war they were major generals of cavalry on opposing sides. One day General Young was invited to breakfast at the Hunter mansion in Virginia. The beautiful young ladies had prepared a smoking breakfast, to which the general was adressing himself with ardor, when a shell burst through the house. Glancing through a window, he saw Custer charging toward the house at the head of his staff. Out the window Young went, calling to the young ladies: "Tell Custer I leave this breakfast for him." Custer enjoyed it heartily, and looked forward with pleasure to the dinner in the distance. In the meantime Young, smarting over the loss of his breakfast and his hasty retreat, drove the Federal line back, and by dinner time was in sight of the Hunter mansion again. Custer, who was just sitting down to dinner, laughed and said: "That's Pierce Young coming back. I knew he wouldn't leave me here in peace. Here's my picture; give it to him, and tell him his old classmate leaves his love with this excellent dinner." And out of the window he went and away like a flash, while the Georgia general walked in and sat down to dinner. —*Atlanta Constitution*.

A Big Bet.

A bet was made in the presidential election of 1832, or rather an agreement by which the sum of \$200 was given out-right by one of the parties to the bet, the condition being that he should pay the other man one cent for one electoral vote that Jackson should get over Clay, two cents for two votes, four cents for three, eight cents for four, sixteen cents for five, thirty-two for six, and so on, according to the majority, if any, that Jackson might get in the electoral college. The man to whom the offer was made innocently jumped at it, and eagerly took the \$200. But he found that he had obliged himself for more than he, or all his friends, could ever pay. The simplest arithmetic will show that, by a rule of this doubling up, even if the majority had been but twenty, it would have involved \$5,242.88, to say nothing of a majority of ninety-five, which would bankrupt all the Goulds and Vanderbilts. Even a majority of only thirty would produce \$5,388,709.12, while a majority of thirty-six would involve \$343,597,383.68. If the majority only reached forty, the man's obligation would already have mounted into the billions, and reached the astounding sum of \$3,497,588,188.88. —*Hartford Times*.

How Jefferson was Inaugurated.

Thomas Jefferson was the first President inaugurated at Washington, says a letter to the Cleveland Leader. The city was then a country village scattered over an immense territory, and Pennsylvania avenue was a muddy country road. There was a fence about the capitol grounds, and it is said that Jefferson rode there on horseback and jumped from his horse and tied him to the bars, while he went up to the big white building to be sworn in. He was dressed very plainly, and only a few friends accompanied him. The inauguration took place in what was then the Senate chamber—now the supreme court room—and only 1,000 people were present. Of these 150 were ladies. As the President-elect came in the Senators stood up, and Aaron Burr gave the President's seat to Mr. Jefferson. John Adams, the retiring President, was not present. It is reported that he said he did not propose to grace the inauguration of the party opposed to him, and he left the White House on the night of the 3d of March at midnight, and that before day had departed from Washington for ever.

"Oh! oh! you are killing me!"

It was the voice of the man. The veiled woman had got him in her power, and seemed to be submitting him to some sort of torture. Several of the crowd knocked on the door at once, and one of the chambermaids demanded in a falsetto voice that he be opened at once. There was a ha! ha! ha! from the veiled woman, and the voice of the man cried out:

"What do you mock at my misery?"

A click came from the office and demanded admittance in the name of the ever.

WESTERN CATTLE THIEVES.

MOST OF THEM WIPE OUT BY DECISIVE METHODS.

An Organized Band of Cattle Stealers—Exploits of a Captain of Rangers—His Narrow Escape.

A recent letter from El Paso, Texas, to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: This is the midst of a cattle country, New Mexico, Texas, Arizona and Old Mexico all contribute to the importance of the town. Its reputation for law and order has not been all that might be desired, because it was the frontier town of the United States on the east and north, and the receptacle of the frontier or "border ruffians" of Old Mexico. A lot of refuse from both countries naturally congregated in this neighborhood, and the reputation it had for robbery and murder and thieving was pretty well founded on fact. And the marked regeneration has been recent. The cowmen here, as in Wyoming and other localities became the establishers of order and the punishers of crime. Cow-boys who came in "to paint the town red," as the phrase is, were themselves treated to a thick coat of that sanguinary color, and were fortunate if they got off alive. There is an occasional outbreak even now, but, as a rule, the ruffian takes care to disclose his personal audacity and ugliness in out-of-the-way places. The other evening, on the Southern Pacific, a cowboy, sufficiently full of fire-water to lose discretion, began firing at the lamps in the car. He had three revolvers. The passengers in that coach sought themselves of attractions in other portions of the train, and the conductor was left alone with the desperado. Without arms himself, he could only jest with the bully about his bad workmanship. After a time the shooter fell asleep and the conductor drew all the charges. Later the cowboy visited a gaming table where the train stopped some time. He put \$2.50 on a card and lost. The gamester took in the money. The cowboy pulled out two pistols and demanded his coin. The dealer had been told of the drawn charges, and instantly knocked the cowboy down. He was thrown into the street, and finally got back to the train without pistol money or boots or hat. That occurred in Arizona.

As late as the spring and summer of 1883 there were organized bands of cattle-thieves, and the membership involved officers of the law, a justice and constable being implicated in a confession which was secured too late for action by the grand jury at that time. The sworn confession, which is abundantly sustained by well-known facts, states that twenty-seven persons were members of the gang; that one of the company was a well-known business man in one of the important towns of Texas; that the officers mentioned acted as spies and informers and shared the spoils; that the business man disposed of the butchered carcasses, and that the branded hides were sunk with weights in the river. The signer of the confession states that he and three of his immediate comrades stole and disposed of 150 head of stock, including a few horses, and, if the balance did as well, the total stealings of that band amounted to more than 1,300 head, or \$20,000 worth of property. This with outrages of a similar nature, put the cattlemen on their mettle, and their organizations have effected a total revolution in the business of thievery, so that here, as in more northern districts, the cattle industry is considered not only a safe, but as a preferred investment.

Good fortune sent Captain George W. Baylor, the oldest captain in the Texas Ranger service, into town to-day with his squad of twenty men. He and his rangers had just returned from a six weeks' race after a couple of murderers who had decoyed a young man away from under the pretense that they could show him some cheap cattle in Mexico. He took \$500 with him and accepted their guidance. He was never heard of again, and the rangers after investigating the affair and pursuing the murderers hundreds of miles, concluded that he was killed immediately over the line, his body cut up so it would not sink and thrown into the river. This is the latest and for a long time the only instance of robbery and murder among cattlemen. Captain Baylor has been instrumental in killing off many bands of marauders, both Mexican and Indian, and has had many narrow escapes. His left thumb is minus the nail, and the fingers of his left hand are stiffened with wounds, and he bears other scars, but after a hundred fights is comparatively unharmed. He has killed a dozen men in hand-to-hand encounters, and is held to be invaluable in the service by Texans. He is tall and slender, but active and quick of movement, and hard and muscular. He almost lives in the saddle. He and his men were belted with revolvers, and carried repeating rifles. His eyes are small, but bright blue, and kindly in expression. He is full of fun and merriment, and seen in a crowd would be taken for a spirited and genial companion, rather than a tried and dauntless frontier warrior. He is given to music, and said that when his left hand was shot he first exclaimed, "Well, that does up my old violin." On that occasion, with one companion, he had gone to arrest a desperado, and found him at a house on the mountain side with a confederate. Captain Baylor rapped on the door, and the confederate stepped out and asked what was wanted. He said he had come to arrest Browne, to which the confederate said, "You can't have him." Browne, who was on the inside, heard the conversation through the open door, immediately fired twice on Baylor through the opening. One shot disabled his left hand, and the second struck an iron ring in the belt he wore. Browne's confederate seeing Baylor, as he supposed, totally disabled, turned to fire on Baylor's friend, and that mistake of judgment was fatal. Baylor, resting his double-barreled shotgun on the injured hand, fired a load of buckshot into the man's breast at close range in time to save his friend, and then turned the remaining charge upon Browne, who had stepped to the bed inside the room to secure another rifle lying there. As he turned with the weapon in his hand he received Baylor's second load and dropped dead. Once, while killing a band of Indian horse-thieves, he had two hair-breadth escapes. He and his men had ridden hard, found the Indians, and attacked the thieves in the morning. The fight was on horseback, and the Indians had

trick of dropping from their horses when closely pressed, and shooting the pursuer in the back when the impetus of his horse had carried him beyond him. Baylor was on the lookout, and stopped almost with the Indian, who fired, however, and cut the captain's belt in front. Baylor pulled, but the gun snapped, and the Indian fired again, cutting the belt behind. The captain jumped behind his horse, put on a fresh cap and shot. The Indian had turned to run, but received fatal injury and fell, continuing to shoot, however, as he lay on the ground, "and we made dog rags of him," the captain said.

Indians prefer to steal horses, and they travel faster, carry better, and, to the savage palate, are quite as desirable for food. When a horse breaks down in a raid he is killed and eaten, and a mule is thought to be a delicacy and a donkey passes for indian pie. When cattle or horse thieves were caught by the rangers or legal authorities trials and convictions and the penitentiary followed, but if the thief was caught by the owner or a posse of citizens he would receive an intimation that an opportunity for escape would be afforded him. This he understood perfectly—he was running the gauntlet, and was almost invariably riddled.

The later and present condition of things is totally different from the old-time uncertainty, laxity and unsafety. Organizations are so perfected, so vigilant and so powerful that the outlaw knows he takes his life in his hand at every attempted wrong, and the officer knows that public opinion is stronger than misused authority, so that interest and policy alike conspire to make every man an instrument for the enforcement of law and order.

Senator Stewart's Castle.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, made a large sum of money in London, in company with Trainor W. Park, by the sale of Little Emma mine, which, at the time, was thought to be a second Golconda, but which, after it had passed into the possession of British stockholders, turned out to be a rich "pocket" instead of a reliable vein of precious ore, greatly to the annoyance of General Schenck, who, as American minister to England, had vouched for it. Returning, the Senator invested about \$100,000 of his gains in the erection of a wonderfully shaped house in Washington which was nicknamed "Honest Miner's Camp." It had a pagoda-like steeple, a cupola, a ball room which resembled a gasometer, and a variety of ornaments unlike anything ever seen before. It was furnished in the most gorgeous style, reminding one of a Western steamboat or a New York barber shop; but it was only occupied for one season, as the Senator lost his fortune and could not afford to keep up the establishment after the expiration of his senatorial term. A few years later it was injured by fire and so rebuilt that it was less conspicuous and in better taste. The Senator himself is personally the type of a pioneer on the Pacific slope, and he appears mounted, guiding the party of emigrants who have just crossed the Rocky mountains, in Leutze's great picture of "Westward Ho," on the wall of the landing of the grand western staircase of the House of Representatives. —Ben: Perley Poore.

A Novel Advertising Scheme.

A London letter says that a leading manufacturer of pills in that city conceived an advertising scheme which is as novel and audacious as the most brilliant flights of American genius in this direction. He forwarded to General Lord Wolseley, on his march toward Khartoum, 10,000 copies of a handbill in which the virtues of his pills are extolled in the highest terms. Accompanying the handbill is the manufacturer's check for £150, which he asked Lord Wol

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5th, 1884.

Christmas at the capital came and went with all the customary observances, with church celebrations and innumerable festivities at schools, charitable institutions, asylums and homes; and, alas! with its usual record of intoxication and crime. Charity contributed freely to holiday happiness by gathering the children of the poor and giving them turkey, ice cream, Kris Kringle and amusing entertainments. In this work the President's daughter Nellie, Miss West, daughter of the British Minister, and the daughter of Chief Justice Waite, may be mentioned as active participants, besides many others who were equally efficient but whose names lack the accident of fame. The chief event of the week was President Arthur's last New Year's reception. The official pageant was brilliant and the President had a long list of assistants, including the ladies of the Cabinet, of the Supreme Court, the wives of many Senators and Representatives and other ladies of social distinction. The assistants stood in line by turns, withdrawing when fatigued, to the rear of the receiving party while others came forward and filed into their places. Promptly at the hour for opening of the reception, President Arthur, in full morning dress, white kid gloves and button-hole bouquet, stood at the head of the line, and received first his Cabinet and next the Diplomatic Corps. The Chief Justice and Associate Justices followed, then Senators and Representatives, Judges of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Judges of the Court of Claims, officers of the District Judiciary, Commissioners of the District, ex-members of the Cabinet and ex-ministers of the United States. Then came the officers of the Army and Navy, the assistant secretaries of departments, heads of bureaus, the assistant Postmaster General and Attorney General, the Solicitor General and various other heads, superintendents, commissioners, secretaries and assistants. The veterans of the war of 1812, and those of the Mexican war, were followed by the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Oldest Inhabitants Association of the District, and then the doors were thrown open to citizens, and a throng of both colors, who were neither admirals, judges, nor generals, made a steady procession through the parlors until the reception closed. The White House was decorated with tropical plants, the Marine band, stationed in the vestibule, filled it with music, and the scene in the famous East Room was striking, while the representatives of foreign countries mingled their gorgeous court costumes and decorations with the gay tinsel uniforms of army and navy officers and the sombre attire of the Supreme Court Justices.

The day was observed in Washington en regle. Carriages, broughams, and cabs whirled along the streets with their freight of callers. Ladies handsomely attired received them in gas lighted parlors. Gentlemen paid the compliments of the season, sipped tea or coffee, nibbled sandwiches and cake and departed, and the first duty of the New Year was fulfilled. Many will never see their hostesses again, because by Jan. 1st, 1886, the official social personnel of Washington will be almost entirely changed.

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NEW ORLEANS LETTER.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 29, 1884.

Christmas in New Orleans was ushered in with a multitude of tin horns, the usual powder burning and all variety of pranks for which young America is noted. And while there was no snow, the skies were overcast, the air was damp and chilly, and blazing fires and heavy overcoats were very enjoyable. The day was largely celebrated by an adult class with "glass horns," for which the chilly atmosphere created an unusual demand, though there was little or no evidence of temper-

ance on the streets nor in the public resorts. At the Exposition it was children's day, who were admitted at half price, and for whose delectation a large Christmas tree was prepared, stocked with a vast variety of gifts. In the evening there was fine music, and the buildings were brilliantly illuminated by electricity, and a great throng of delighted people, including the little people, took in the novel sights for the first time. The main building, devoted to private and general exhibits, covers space of thirty-three acres, and elicits many exclamations of wonder from the numerous visitors. All the buildings are on a scale of like magnitude, the whole including about seventy-five acres under roof.

While many hundreds of exhibits are already up, possibly thousands, it may surprise your readers, as it did your correspondent, to learn that many hundreds are yet incomplete, and very many are yet to arrive; and this is not only true of private but also of government and State exhibits, and fully a month must elapse before the vast enterprise will be in complete running order, so that the intending visitor will lose nothing by postponing his coming for thirty days, but will be the gainer by doing so. In the meantime the grumbling and friction inevitable at the inauguration of all great events, prevails in this case. It would be a thankless, and perhaps a useless task to attempt to locate the cause or causes of so much conflict, friction and confusion. Much of it doubtless results from delay in forwarding exhibits; some from lack of rapid and plentiful transportation, and some from unavoidable mistakes in the management. But in a short time, your correspondent believes that all grounds of complaint will have disappeared, and the great Exposition will present a scene of peaceful and multi-form interest never before witnessed in the world's history, and that its results will surpass the wildest dreams of its projectors.

The opening took place as advertised Dec. 16th and was attended in the Music Hall of the main building, by a vast audience of nearly twenty-five thousand people, and in the presence of Cabinet officers, foreign representatives, hundreds of exhibitors, national, State and city officials, civic and military. But the real lion of the occasion was Major Burke, director general, the soul of the enterprise, who was received with the most tumultuous demonstrations of approval when he appeared, and, in a few eloquent words, turned over his great work to the president of the association, who in turn, addressing President Arthur, at Washington city, turned over the Exposition to the nation and to the world, who answered it in a congratulatory reply, and declared the Exposition open. All this was, of course, by telegraph, and was heartily cheered by the audience. Gov. McEnery read also a lengthy address; the mayor of the city made one of welcome, and midst the booming of guns, the music of bands and clouds of flags and banners, the World's Exposition was finally begun.

A number of states have their exhibits in an incomplete condition, some are nearly ready, but your readers must await succeeding letters for notices of them, as it would do them injustice to apply either criticism or description to them at this early stage, and to which your correspondent intends to do full justice. The government display, when finished, will be the most complete and the most interesting ever attempted, and will be in itself a great study, both for the student and teacher, and for the ordinary observer. Every department of the public service, the army and navy, the interior, patent, state, educational, all will here be portrayed, together with a most wonderful array of ancient, prehistoric and historic objects of the greatest interest to all. To all of which such attention will be given as to leave little more to be asked for by your readers.

NEW FISH MARKET.

We would respectfully announce to the citizens of Arlington, and vicinity, that we have spared no expense in fitting up a neat Fish Market in T. H. Russell's building where, by strict attention to business, we hope to merit a liberal share of your patronage. Respectfully,

W. H. WEBBER & SON.

Tax Collector's Notice.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate, situated in the Town of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the years hereinabove specified, according to the list submitted to me as Collector of Taxes for said Town by the Assessors of Taxes, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for public auction for sale at the Selectmen's Room, in the Town House, on MONDAY, January 12th, 1885, at three o'clock, P. M., for the payment of said Taxes, together with the costs and charges therewith, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

CATHERINE BLADON.—About 7,800 square feet of land on Harvard street, being lot fourteen, Section A, Block one, on Whitman and Brock's Plan of Harvard Heights, recorded with Middlesex Registry of Deeds, Book of Plans 21, page 1, and bounded westerly by Harvard street, northerly by lot fifteen in said block; easterly by lot four; southerly by lot thirteen. Tax for 1877, \$3.85; tax for 1878, \$3.89; tax for 1879, \$4.79; tax for 1880, \$4.74; tax for 1881, \$2.26; tax for 1882, \$1.24; tax for 1883, \$1.26; tax for 1884, \$1.26; tax for 1885, \$1.26; tax for 1886, \$1.26; tax for 1887, \$1.26; tax for 1888, \$1.26; tax for 1889, \$1.26; tax for 1890, \$1.26; tax for 1891, \$1.26; tax for 1892, \$1.26; tax for 1893, \$1.26; tax for 1894, \$1.26.

W. R. LAW, Mansfield, Tex., says: "I am highly pleased with the news, that get political sides of the question fairly set forth, which is utterly impossible to get in a strictly party journal."

Its size and character considered, the CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS is the cheapest weekly in America. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, postage included. Our special Clubbing Terms bring it within the reach of all our subscribers. Specimen copies may be seen at this office.

Send Subscriptions to this office.

M. E. DAVENPORT, Palmyra, N. Y., says:

"It is the cheapest and best paper I ever read."

Mrs. L. Schonan, Hanibal, Mo., says: "I like your paper very much. I get six other papers, but not like them as the WEEKLY NEWS."

ALFRED P. FOSTER, Woodbury, Henry County, Ill., says: "It is one of the cleaned papers published."

W. W. RHODES, Adrian, Mich., says: "It is the best paper for news."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, O. V., says: "It is better than many of the \$2 papers."

JAMES F. CLARK, 250 Charles street, New Orleans, La., says: "In comparing your paper with others I receive, I must say yours, the CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS, is good, better, best."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, O. V., says: "It is better than any newspaper in the city."

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